

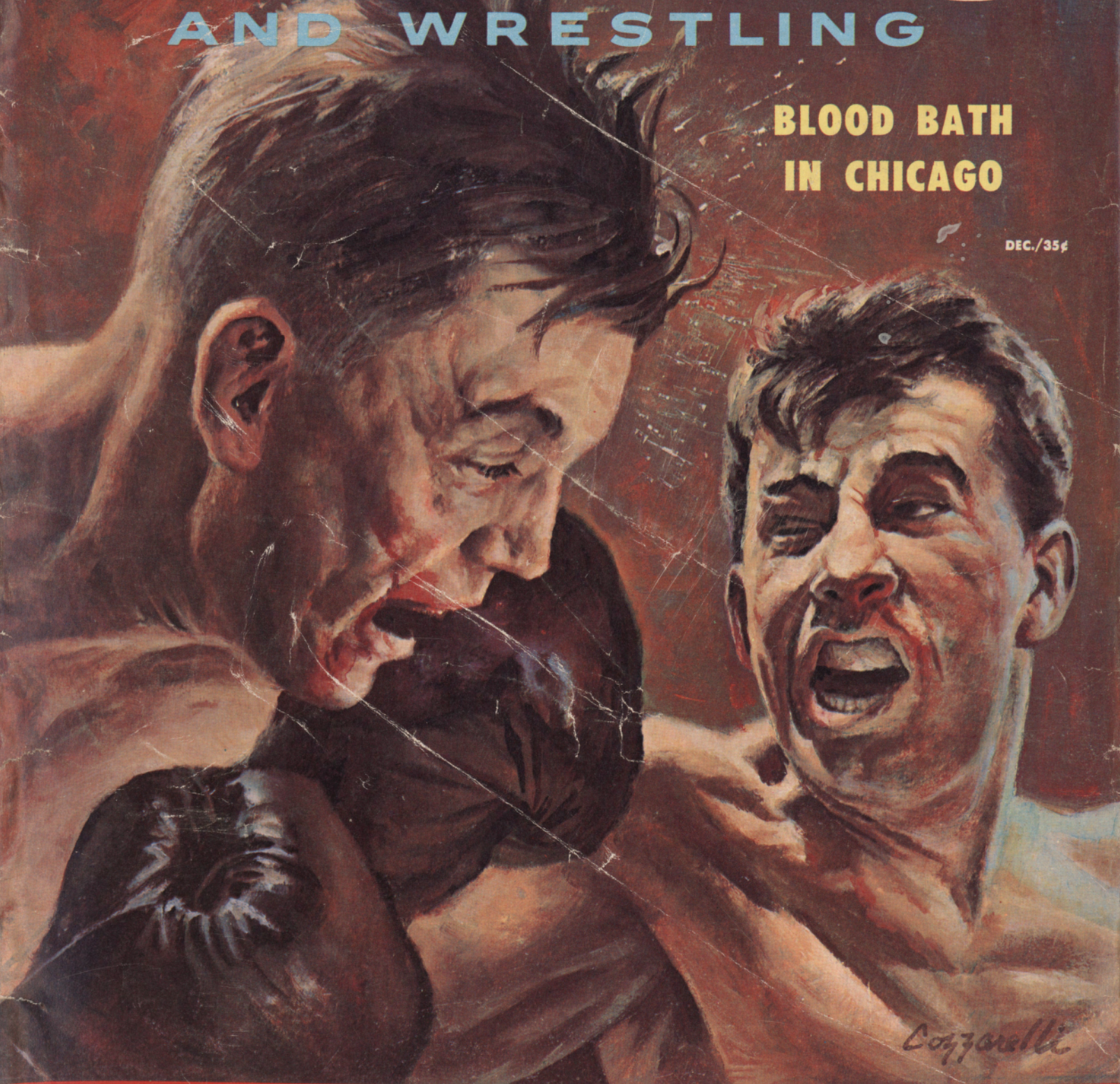
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BLOOD BATH
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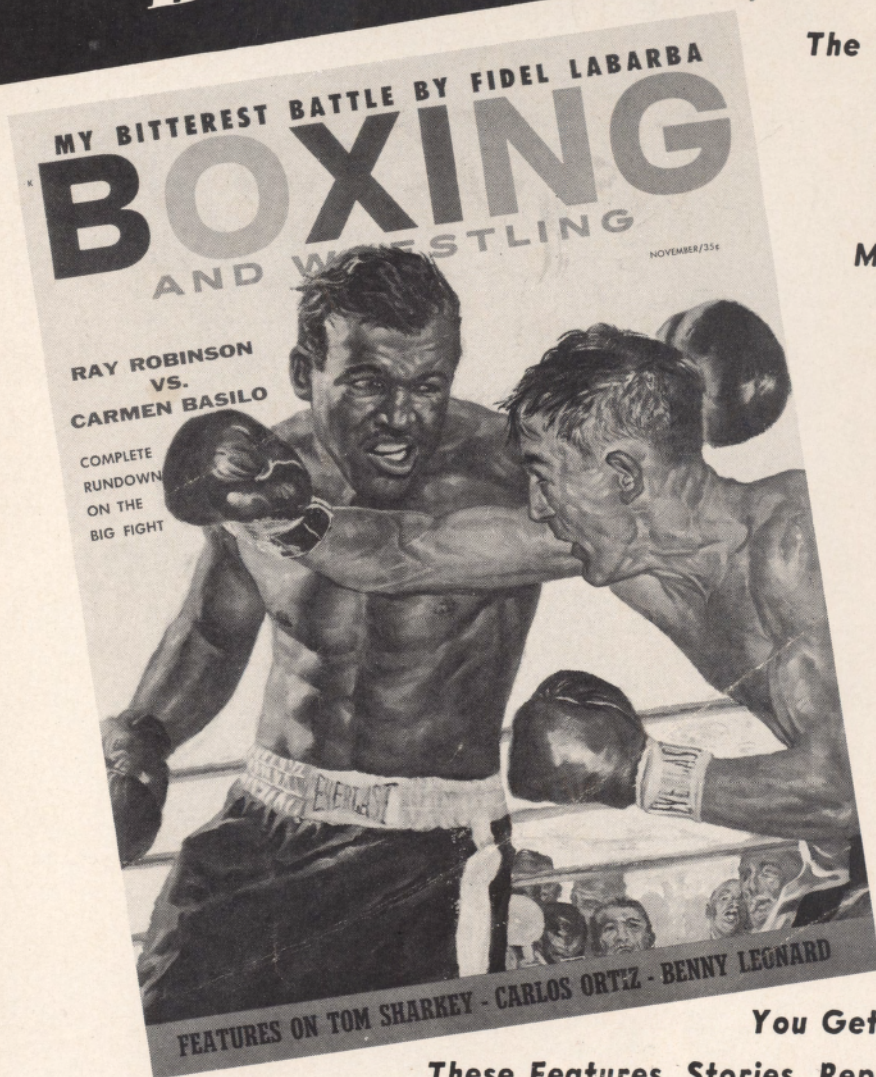
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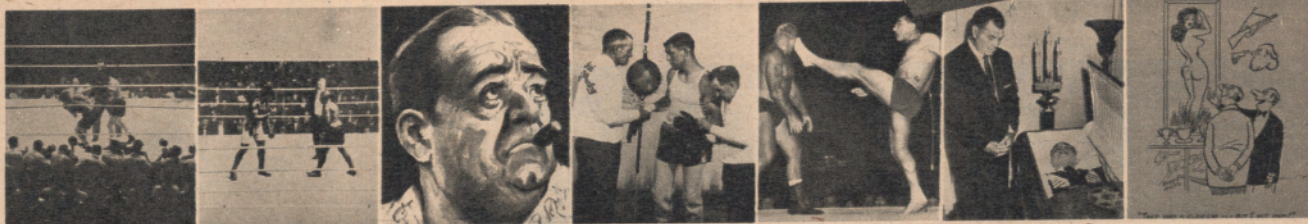
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THE EDITOR SPEAKING



Lighth heavyweight Chuck Speiser
*"From now on I'll handle my own business with
no manager."*



Kid Williams
*The judge remembered and gave him a suspended
sentence.*

SOMETHING that could have far reaching repercussions in the fight business filtered out of Detroit not long ago. An announcement by fading light-heavyweight contender Chuck Speiser that henceforth he will deal directly with promoters in arranging his fights.

"I am not renewing my contract with my former manager, Hec Knowles, when it expires," Speiser said. "Why give away one-third of everything you make to a guy who doesn't do anything for it?"

Chuck went on to say that he had been testing promoters' receptiveness for the past year and that he has found them willing and, in fact, anxious to deal directly with him as a free agent.

I asked a few fighters in Stillman's gym what they thought about Speiser's one man revolution against managers. They all asked that their names not be revealed as a matter of self-protection, but they agreed that Chuck was a smart fellow who deserves a lot of credit for his stand. But they disagreed with him in that a manager doesn't earn his money . . .

(Continued on page 74)

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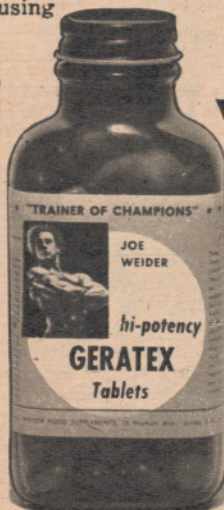
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What the Critics Are Saying

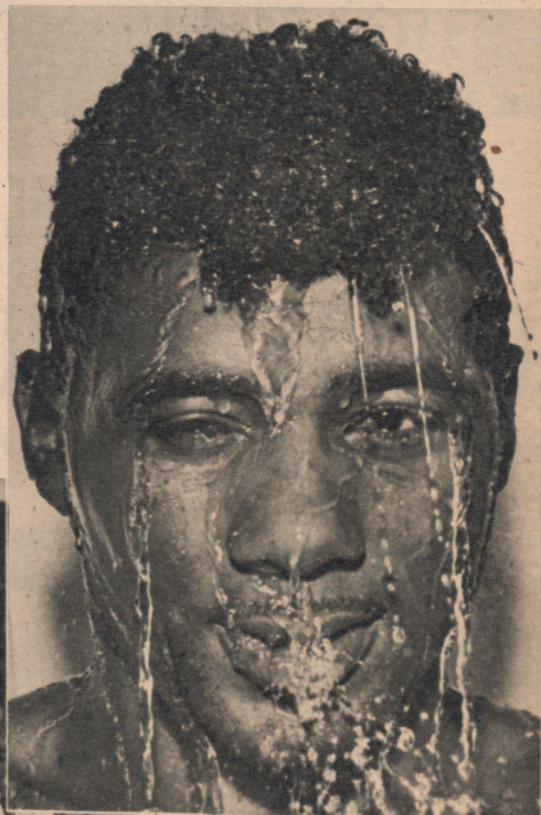
Jimmy Powers in the New York Daily News:

Tommy Loughbran has developed into the dominant personality in the promotion of the Patterson-Rademacher bout. He will referee and currently he is assisting in the publicity.

Tommy deserves credit for his outspoken attack in a recent magazine piece on "comedians who create the illusion so-called punch-drunkenness is a funny thing. If we think being punch drunk is funny then we should also find great humor in persons who are crippled, deformed or mentally ill."

Tommy criticized Rocky Graziano for ridiculing his former profession and added:

(Continued on page 74)



Top — After successfully defending his title against hapless Hurricane Jackson, Champion Floyd Patterson, shown in shower, admitted that in order to be a real champion, he would like to fight Rocky Marciano.
Left — Hurricane Jackson leaves New York Hospital where he underwent mending.



STRETCH

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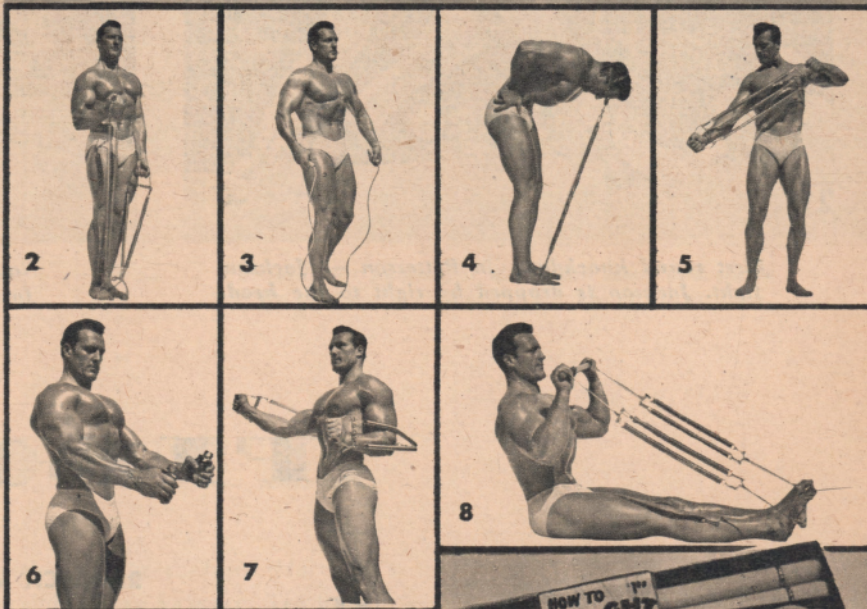
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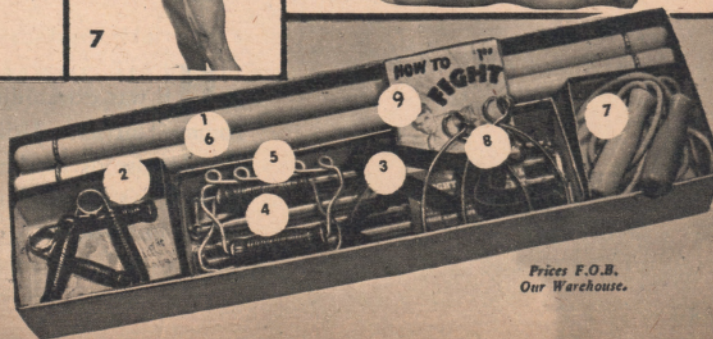
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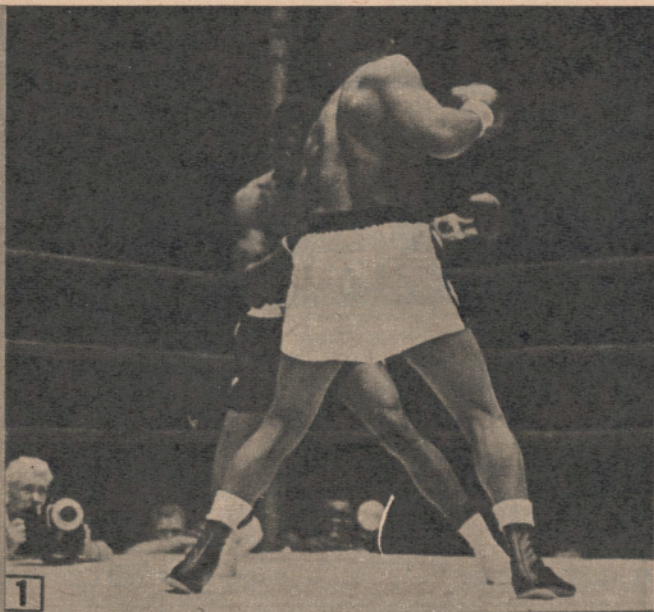
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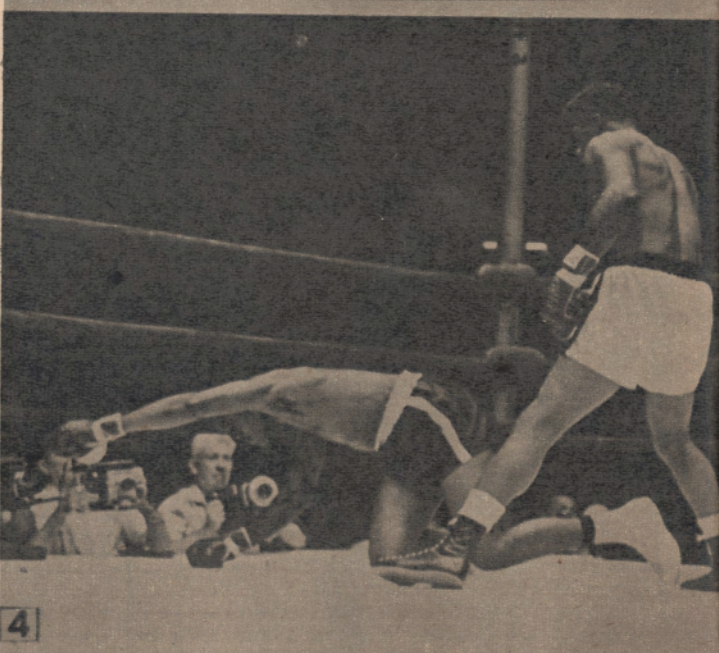
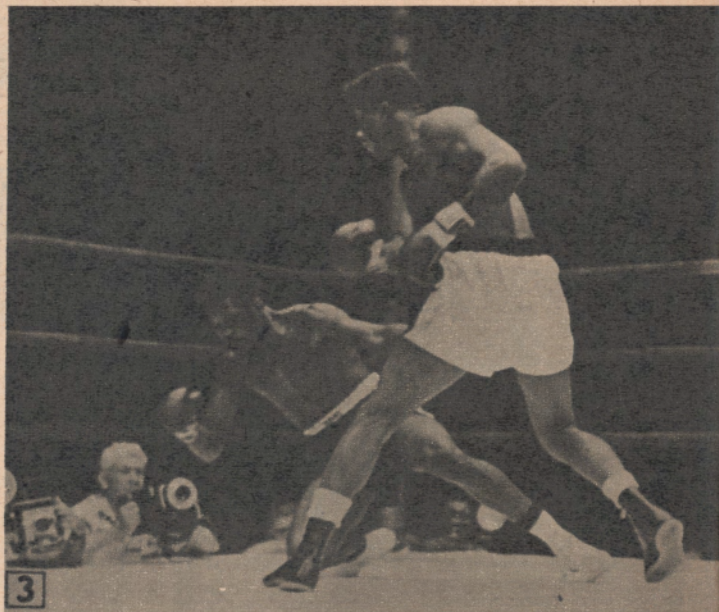
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First round knockdown in Patterson — Jackson fight. Jackson is dropped by right to the head.

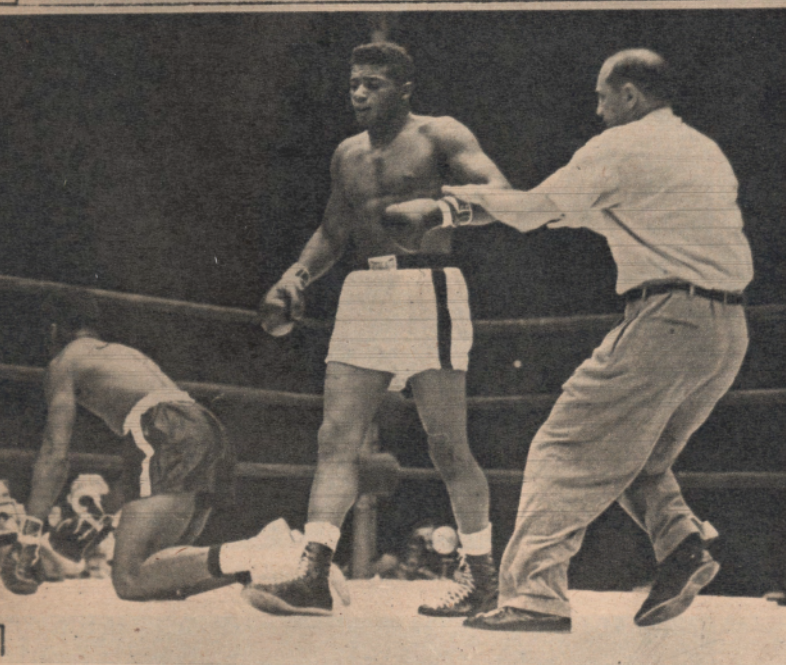
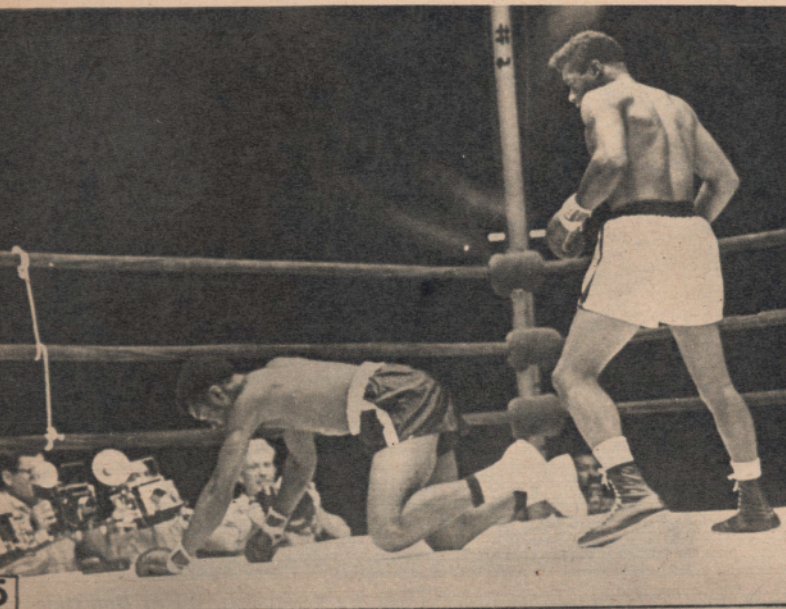


Notice the long follow through in Patterson's blow. Jackson rolls over like a cat, ready to rise.

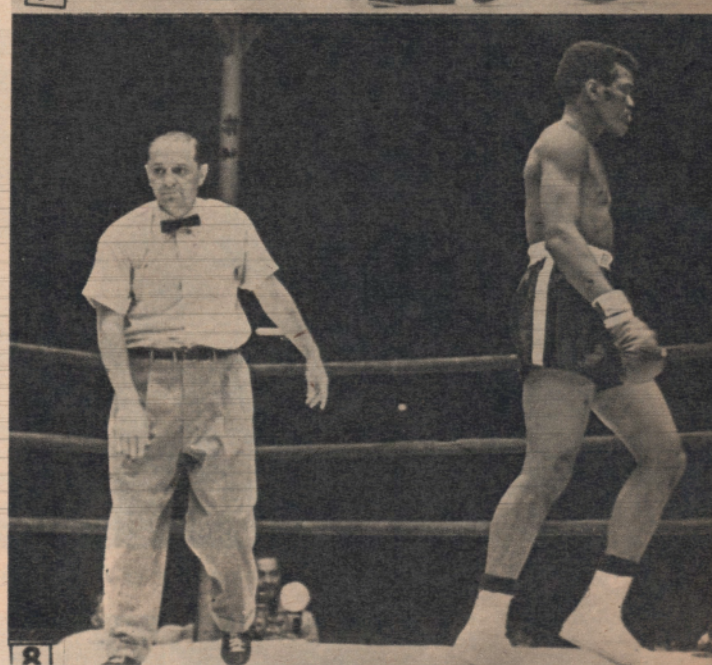
FIGHTS OF

REMATCH WAS NO MATCH

HE was extraordinary," Cus D'Amato said of the battered and blood-splattered Tommy Hurricane Jackson after his tiger, Floyd Patterson, had successfully made his first defense of his heavyweight crown. But to those who watched the slaughter at New York's ancient Polo Grounds, it was a debasing slur at all sports in general and boxing in particular.



As the dazed Hurricane goes for the ropes, referee Ruby Goldstein moves into the picture.



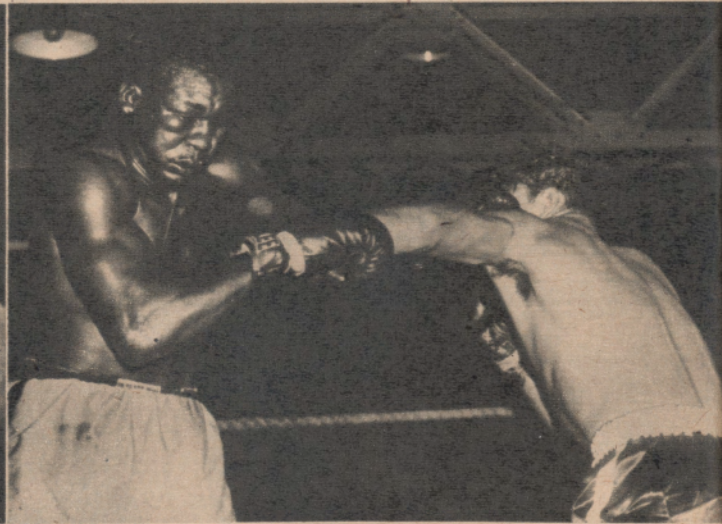
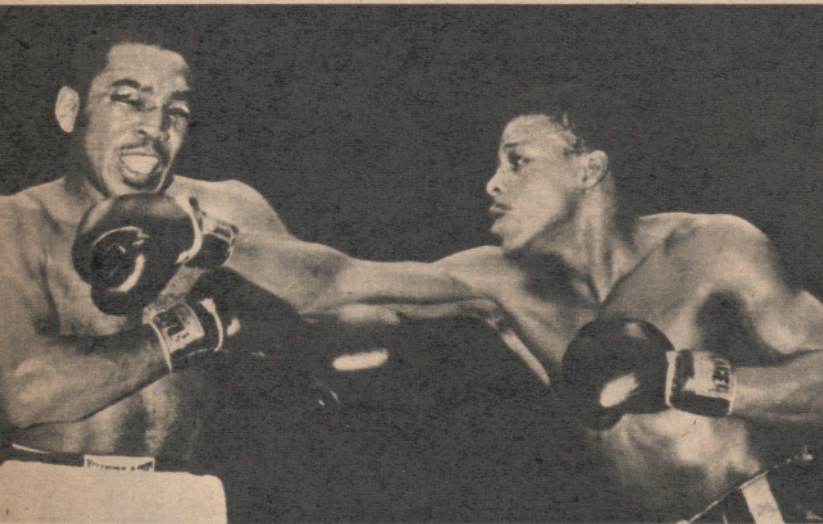
Goldstein guides the champion away and picks up the count. Jackson is up, ready to continue.

THE MONTH

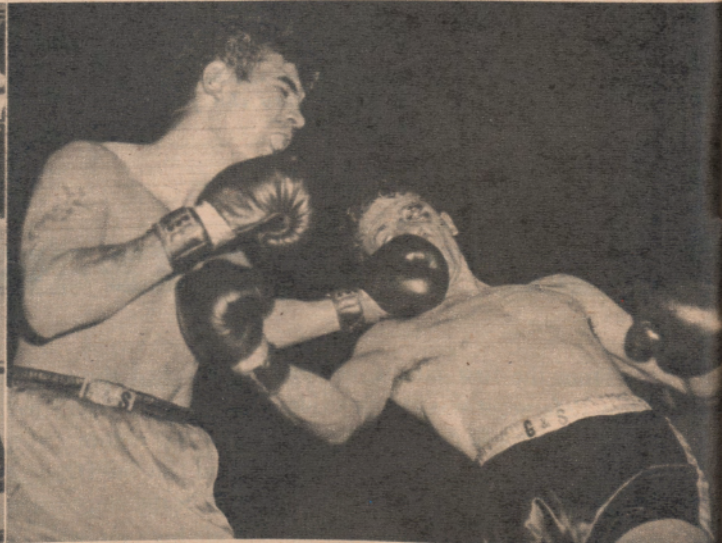
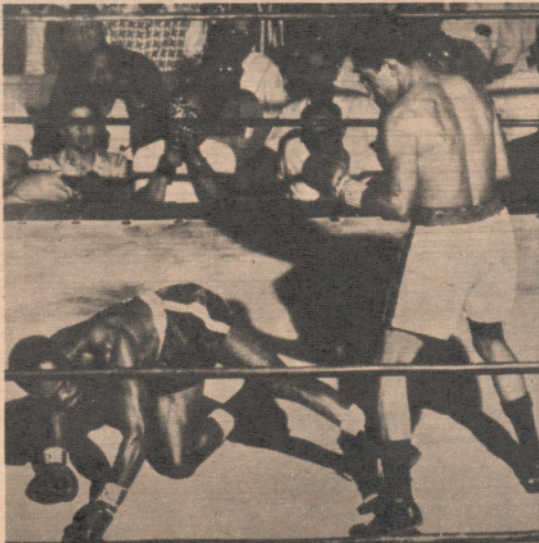
From the first jarring jab Patterson snaked through the confused Hurricane's clumsy defense, it was clearly evident that Jackson didn't have a chance. The punishment he took was cruel but necessary. He had nothing to fight back with and even the few slapping blows he managed to land had the effect of a gnat brushing against a man's arm. The only reason Jackson was in the ring that night was because he was a proven human punching bag. But for all his vaunted stamina and endurance, and it is beyond belief, the cumulative effect of the head battering Tommy took must,



Left, Orlando Zulueta rubs heel of glove across Frank Ippolito's face. Zulueta won decision. Right, Eddie Machen spears Bob Baker.



Left, Spider Webb avenged by decisioning Charley Joseph white trunks. Right, Julio Mederos, white trunks, stopped by Alex Miteff in 7.



Left, Cisco Andrade kayoes Bud Smith in 9. Right, Eddie Lynch, black trunks, fight back the victorious Danny Russo at St. Nicks.



Kid Gavilan, right, put on a remarkable display of courage and ability in defeating Gasper Ortega, 10.

FIGHTS OF THE MONTH

in the long run, have damaging and possibly permanent effect.

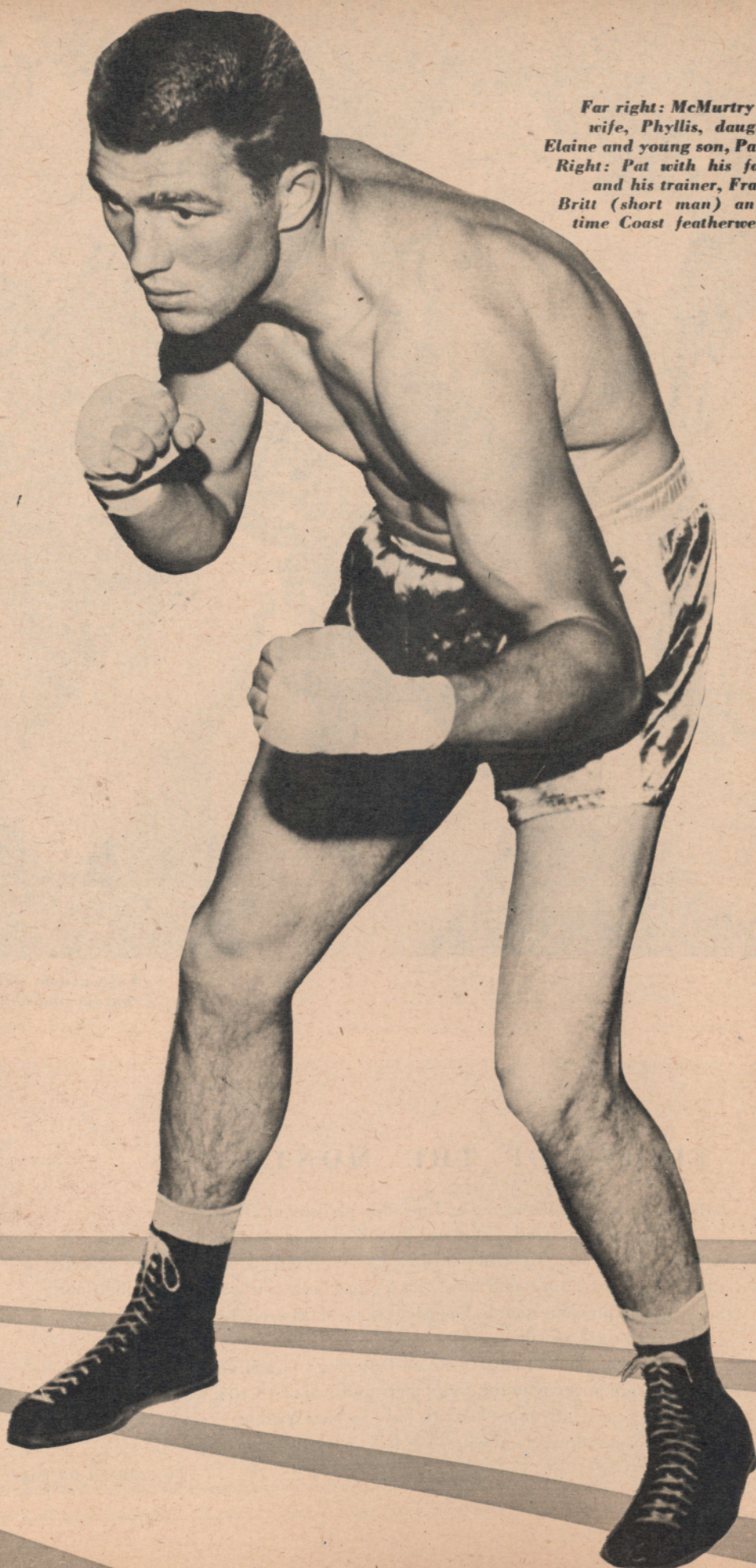
From the sixth round on Referee Ruby Goldstein watched Jackson carefully. He watched him take frightful punishment, a battering no man should be expected to endure. So in the tenth round, after Jackson had been sent sprawling on the floor three times in previous rounds, Goldstein stepped between them and stopped the champion's brutal assault.

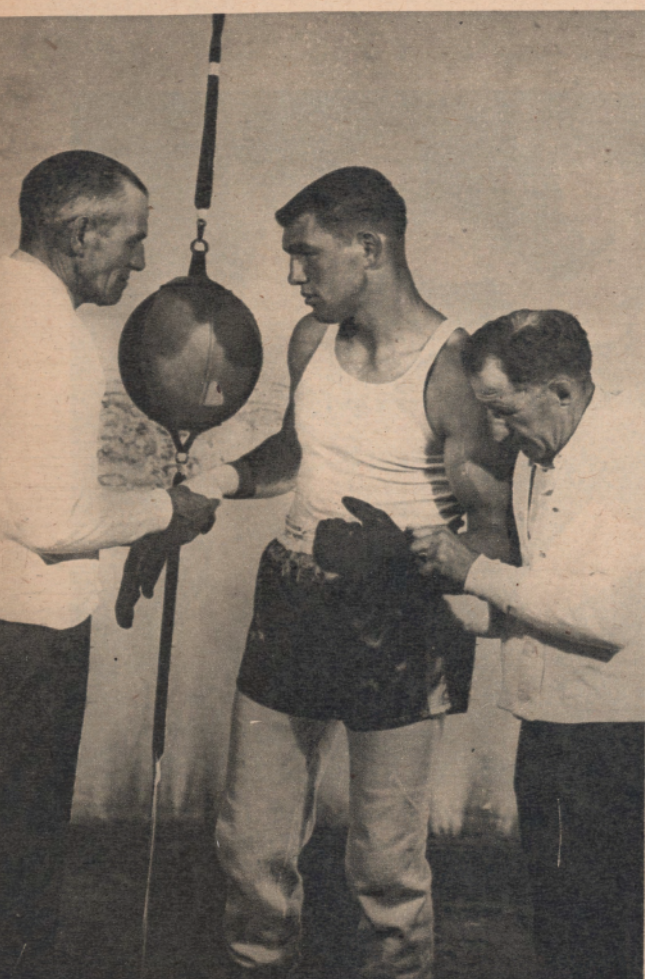
There was a look of amazement on Patterson's face all though the fight. Neither he nor anybody in the disappointing crowd of 18,103, who turned out to see the first independently promoted title fight in New York for as long as they could remember, could understand what kept Jackson on his feet.

(Continued on page 74)

Far right: McMurtry with wife, Phyllis, daughter, Elaine and young son, Pat, Jr. Right: Pat with his father and his trainer, Frankie Britt (short man) an old time Coast featherweight.

Winner of 24 of his 26 pro fights, 20 by knockout, Pat is a picture heavyweight; handsome, beautifully built and with murder in his fists.



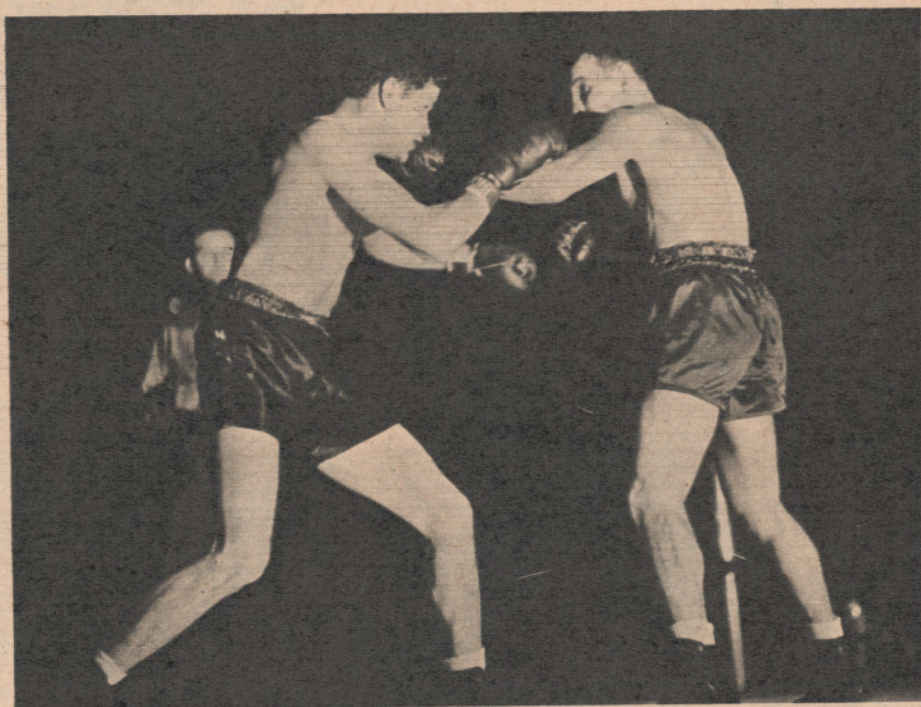


FROM THE DAY HE LANDED HIS FIRST LEFT JAB AND RECEIVED HIS FIRST NOSE BLEED, PAT McMURTY HAS BEEN POINTED IN ONE DIRECTION — TOWARD THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP. HERE IS THE STEP BY STEP PROCEDURE IN THE

Moulding OF A FUTURE CHAMPION

BY JOHN McCALLUM

THERE never has been a standardized type of personality among professional fist-fighters. From the flamboyant John L. Sullivan to the phlegmatic Joe Louis, the diversity among the glorified giants of the ring has added spice and drama to the ancient sport. There was the impeccable Jim Corbett, the sullen Jim Jeffries, the intemperate Stanley Ketchel, the dull Jess Willard and the tenacious Jack Dempsey. There was Gene Tunney's calm assurance set against Primo Carnera's fantastic fumbings and Max Baer's buffoonery as opposed to Jim Braddock's business-like manner. *(Continued on page 76)*



Soose, left, takes left jab from trigger-like fist of Georgie Abrams in Pittsburgh bout on September 25, 1939. Soose lost close call.

tell them the truth...

ABOUT BILLY SOOSE

BY BILL GEAGAN

Editor's Note—Author Bill Geagan is a devotee of the great outdoors, particularly Maine's vast Naticous region. It was in this sprawling wilderness that he first met Billy Soose, at a time when Billy was desperately trying to regain his health and rebuild a shattered right hand so that he could resume his climb toward the middleweight championship of the world.

Written in a tiny snowbound cabin tucked away in the backwoods, Geagan carried his story more than a hundred miles by foot, canoe and automobile. "I never thought I'd find a mailbox to drop it in," he said. But it finally did arrive at our editorial offices and we think you'll enjoy reading it as much as we did.

I thought Paul Moss was kidding when he told me the pale, slim young fellow sprawled on a bed in a Bangor hotel was Billy Soose, the fighter.

Awakened by our talking, the youngster sat up, rubbed the sleep from heavy lids, and grinned broadly.

Moss introduced me as the "discoverer" of those two classy State of Maine boxers, Al McCoy and Dave Castilloux.

Billy apologized for extending his left hand for the customary shake then showed me his right which he said was sore, weak and very tender.

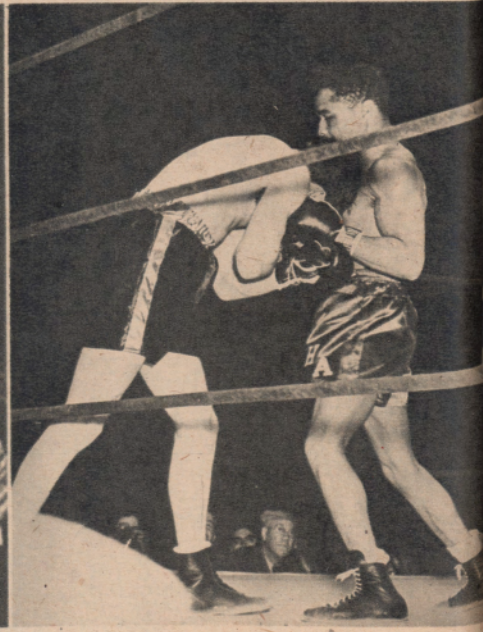
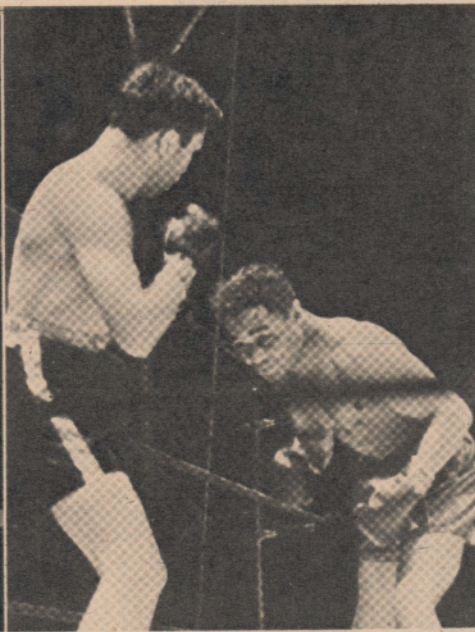
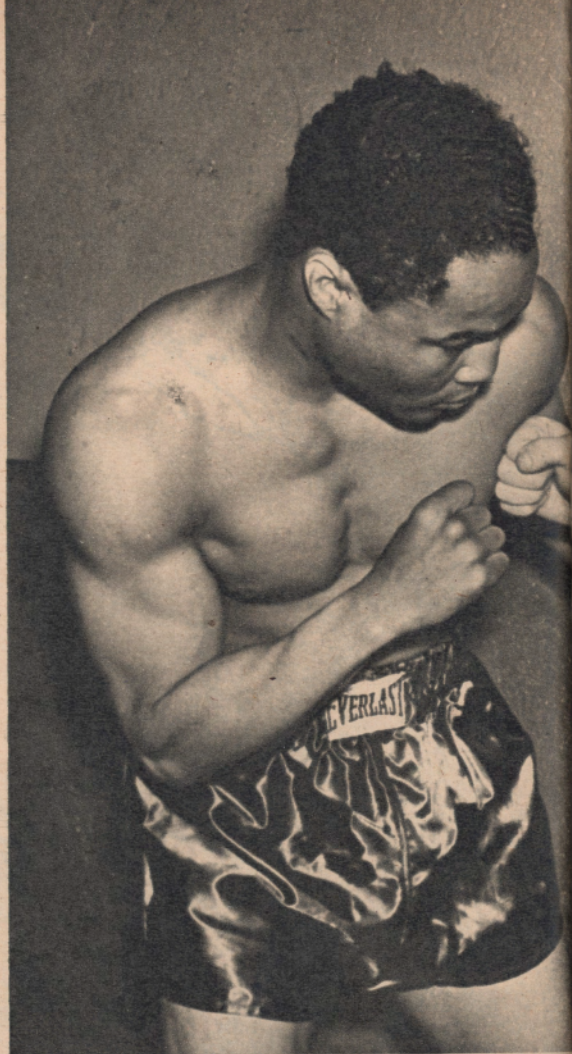
In his letter to me about ten days previous, Ray Arcel, Billy's trainer, who incidentally owned "a piece" of him, informed me that the right hand had been broken in a bout with Al Quail in Pittsburgh months before. The

(Continued on page 65)

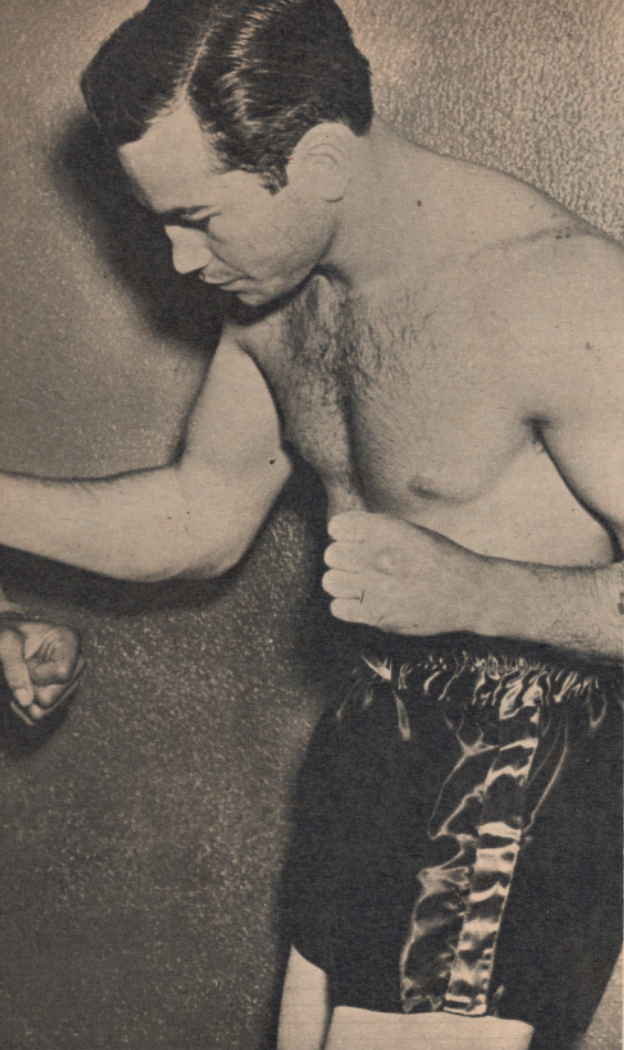


Soose works hard in Maine woods trying to gain back his health so that he can resume his bid for the middleweight championship. Photos was taken in 1939.

THE BEST IN BOXING WRITING



It was a bruising, uneven battle in Armstrong's favor through the full fifteen rounds. Again and again Henry exploded his crushing right on the welterweight champion's jaw. Ross was staggered repeatedly but he never went down thereby protecting his boast that throughout his career he had never been on the floor.



HENRY ARMSTRONG ENDS RING CAREER OF BARNEY ROSS

Madison Square Garden Bowl
Long Island City, New York
May 31, 1938

BARNEY ROSS' brilliant ring career is ended.

Through lips cruelly slashed by Henry Armstrong and in keeping with a promise he made himself long ago, the likeable Jewish boy from Chicago announced his retirement. His farewell to wielding the six-ounce gloves was approved by his managers, Art Winch and Sam Pian.

The dethroned welterweight champion's battered features attested the persistent fury of Armstrong's persistent attack and he couldn't talk much because Winch was applying ice bags to his swollen features and a right eye completely closed by Armstrong before the fight had gone half the distance of 15 rounds.

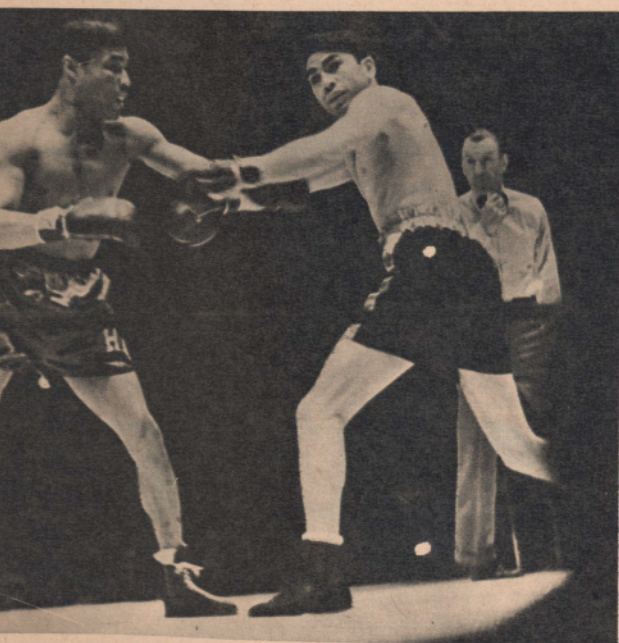
RECALLS STATEMENT:

"It's as I told you that day at Grossinger Lake," Barney said.

He was referring to his future plans should he lose to Armstrong.

"I will never take but one bad beating," he said that day as we visited him in his cottage. "I will know then that I am going back and I won't stick around. I'll stay up as long as I can and nobody will say I ever quit. It would be different if I was a one-punch victim. That might be an accident, and you could come back from it. But when the day comes that I crack up, that will be my last fight."

Barney did not think Armstrong would be the medium of his exit from the Queensbury stage, but since it happened that way, he is sticking to his word. His defeat did not affect him as much as it did his manager and his loyal friends, the "Rover Boys," who made merry (Continued on page 62)



Referee Arthur Donovan scratches his chin in 13th round wondering how much more punishment Ross can absorb. On four occasions he almost stopped it.



THE TIGER

and the **CUB**

BY HAL HENNESEY



**ONE WAS A CONTENDER, THE OTHER A
HALF-BLIND HAS-BEEN, BUT THEY PUT UP
THE FIGHT OF THEIR LIVES — BECAUSE
EACH WAS FIGHTING AGAINST HIMSELF.**

THE FLASHY new Jaguar roared to a halt just outside the carnival entrance. Two men crawled from it painfully, like divers emerging from a decompression chamber. The short fat man with the floppy blue bowler and jutting cigar stud was protesting bitterly. You got the impression that he had been born protesting.

"Nicky," he said, you bring me a hundred miles upstate in that Limey kiddy-car, scare my dinner out o' me on those curves — an' now you drag me in t' see a lousy carnival. Why, Nicky, why? I got a right t' know!"

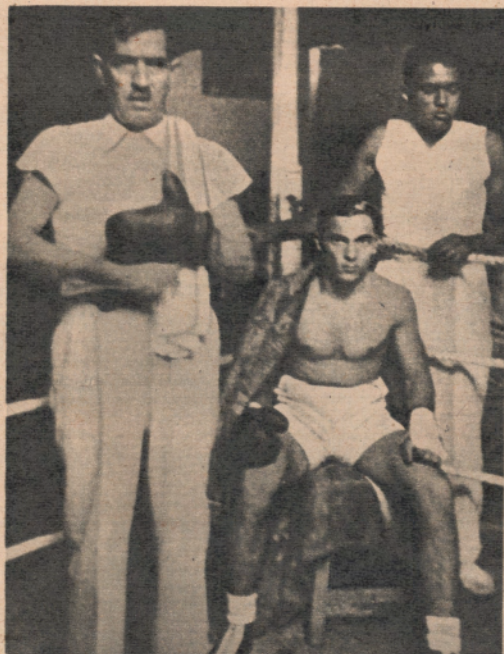
The tall athletic young man, in the tailored trench coat walked through the carnival gates. His alert blue eyes, bright with a suppressed excitement, darted searchingly about the crowded grounds. "I already told you, Max," he said absently, "I got to find a guy. I found out he's with this carney outfit and this is the closest it'll get t' New York. I had t' drive out before we headed for St. Louey."

"A guy, a *guy*! But Nicky — why?" Max paused. The young man's firm lips had suddenly tightened into a half smile. Max followed his narrowed gaze.

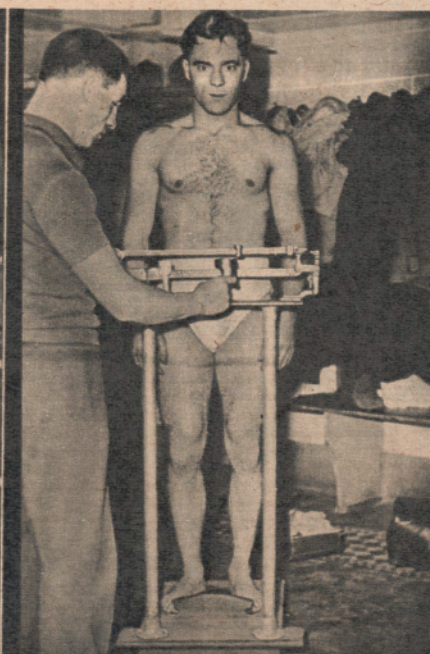
At the far end of the carnival grounds, a crude ring had been set up. Near it a man was shouting through a megaphone, "—And to anybody staying just one single solitary round with Tiger Jack Moran we will give fifty count 'em fifty U. S. dollars!" There was a

(Continued on page 58)

The Life of MARCEL CERDAN



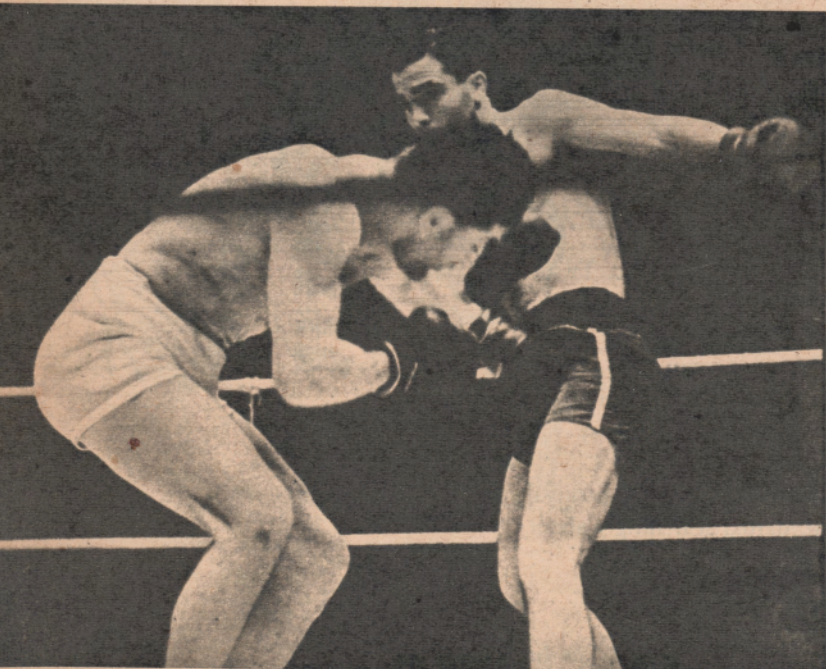
Very rare photo shows Cerdan in the winter of 1933 in Casablanca. Two months later he turned professional.



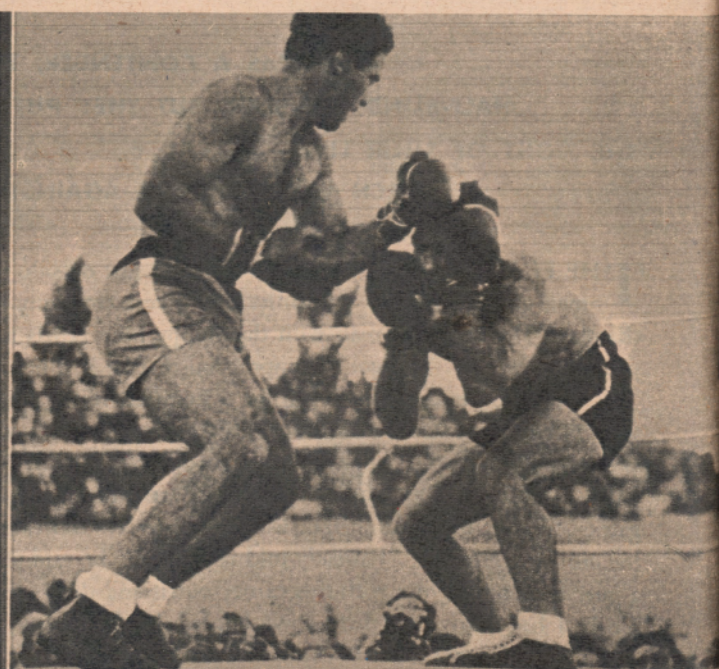
Marcel in training for bout with Saverio Turiello in Paris, Feb., 1939. Cerdan won 12-rd decision.



After beating Turiello, Cerdan celebrates his victory by playing maraccas in night spot in Montmartre. He is second from left.

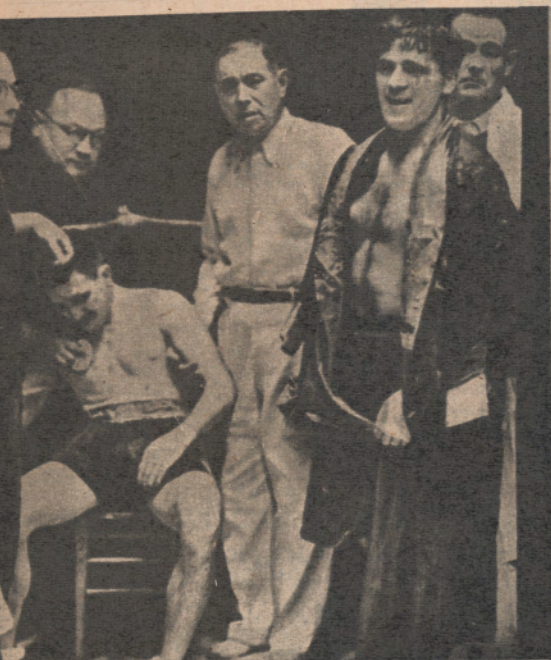


Cerdan, right, swings away at the bobbing head of tough Cleto Locatelli in bout at Marseilles, June 18, 1939. Marcel won hard fought ten rounder.



On June 24, 1945, Cerdan, left, defeated France's grand veteran of the ring, Edouard Tenet in ten blazing rounds. Note Cerdan's very powerful body.

in Pictures...



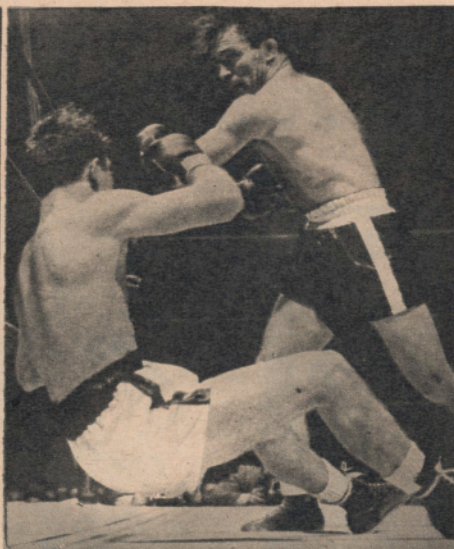
Gustave Humery sits helplessly in corner as the victorious Carpentier gains after scoring thrilling sixth round knockout. In Paris—May 20, 1938



Carpentier's thrilling ring victories made him a tremendous favorite of the French people. Everywhere he went he was greeted like a conquering hero and mobbed by crowds.



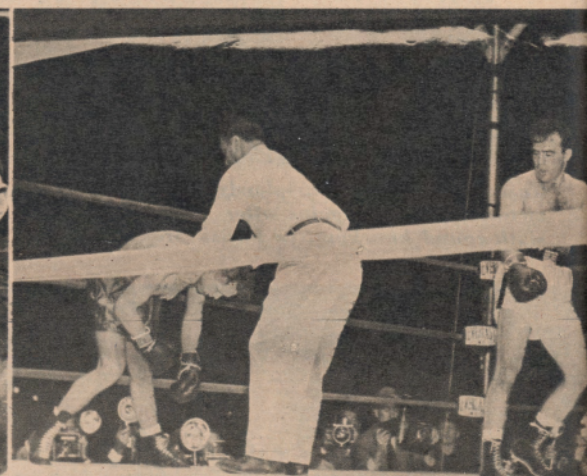
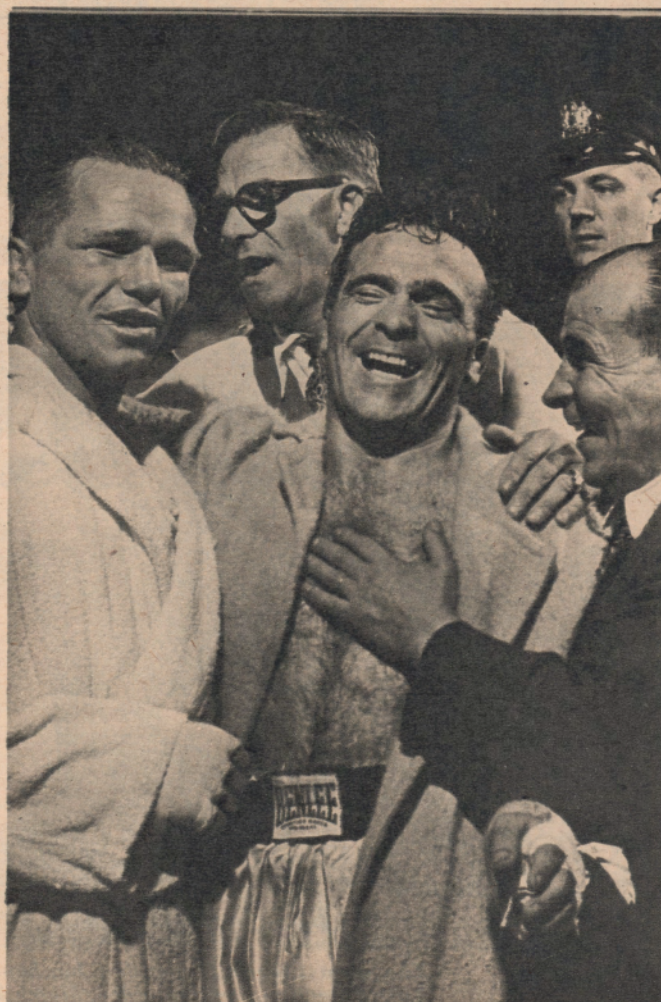
The great French fighter has his hand raised in New York's Madison Square Garden, March 28, 1947 after he knocked out Harold Green with a vicious assault in two.



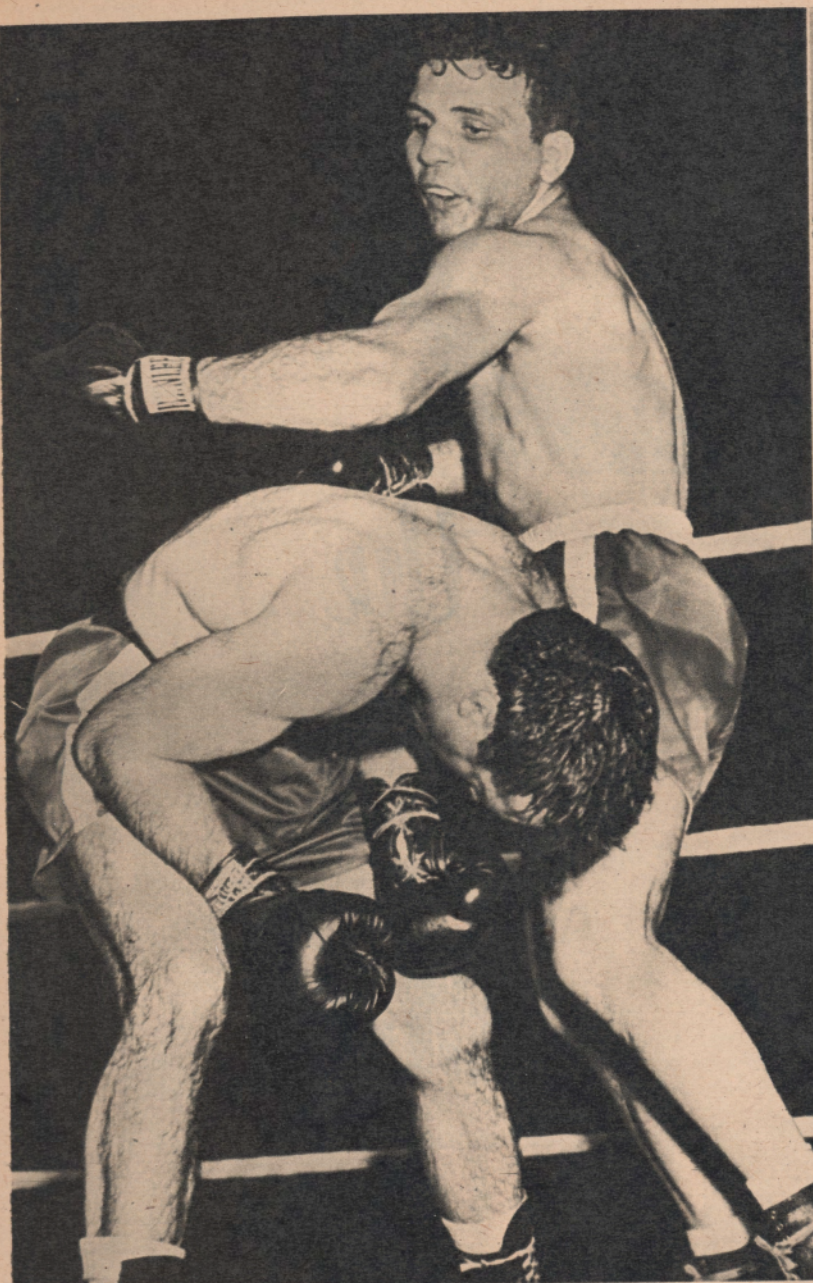
CONTINUED

THE LIFE OF MARCEL CERDAN IN PICTURES

Left above: Cerdan sets himself to drive left against George Abrams' battered eye in Garden bout, Dec. 6, 1946. Marcel won close decision.
Right above: Cerdan knocking out Lavern Roach in 8th round in Garden.



Left: After winning middleweight championship from Tony Zale, Sept. 21, 1948 in Jersey City by 12th round kayo, Cerdan bursts into laughter as Zale, left, grins. Top right: Zale collapses, beaten. Bottom right: Cerdan, Jacobs.



Cerdan's last fight, above. Jake LaMotta, facing camera, won Marcel's title when the Frenchman could no longer continue because of injured hand, June 16, 1949 in Detroit. Top right: with arm in sling, Cerdan arrives in New York after losing title. Right center: Cerdan's bar in Casablanca. Right bottom: with his two sons a week before his death.



Wreckage of plane in which Cerdan was returning to the United States lies on a lonely mountain in the Azores. Crash took place October 27, 1949 and there were no survivors. Cerdan was only 33.

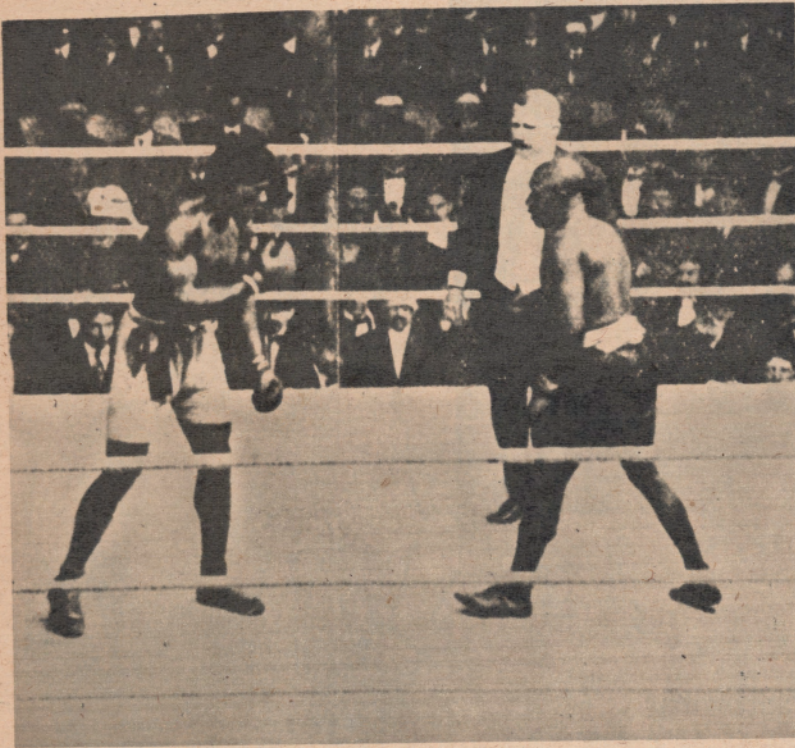




the
Extraordinary
MR.
LANGFORD

Although old Sam has been dead for some years now the stories about his fabulous fighting career are still as alive as the day they happened. Here is a eulogy to Sam by one who knew him and idolized him.

Picture taken in 1909 shows Sam's remarkable physical development. Although only a little over 5' 7" tall he often knocked out men standing well over six feet.



Sam McVey, white trunks, and Langford staged thrilling fight in Paris which ended in a twenty round draw. Eugene Corri is the referee.



Big Bill Lang goes sprawling into ropes from a Langford left hook. London, Fed. 21, 1911. Fight was awarded to Lang on foul in 6th.

Left: after partially successful eye operation in the year 1935



BY ROLAND PETE

ALTHOUGH Sam Langford never won the World's Heavyweight Championship, he was the world's champion "near champion." One of the most colorful fighters of all time, he made Jack Johnson draw the color line. He battled over a span of 22 years — from 1902 through 1923 — the last six years handicapped by steadily increasing blindness.

They didn't always take Sam's fights too seriously, but such experts of his halcyon days as Bob Edgren, Bat Master-son, Billy Roche, Jim Coffroth and even hard-boiled critic Bill McGeehan, generally agreed that in his prime Langford could have beaten any human being who ever lived.

"Maybe," added McGeehan, "because he was only *half* human, for as Mr. Brisbane always sagely concluded when sizing up a pair of heavyweights training for a championship fight, 'a gorilla could whip 'em both together.' "

Standing five feet, seven and a half inches and weighing 158 pounds at his best, Langford's long arms dangled from his extraordinarily broad shoulders down to his knees, giving him indeed the physical proportions of a gorilla.

It was while Sam was training in London for his fight with Bill Lang in 1911 that Lady Constance Richardson, upon getting her first glimpse of him, said; Dear me! What a tremendous distance his grandfather (Continued on page 55)

Harris left uses backyard of home in Cut and Shoot, Texas as gym. Here he talks with sparring partners. Top left; Harris after beating Willie Pastrano. Bottom left: Harris sits in Conroe, Texas bank surrounded by bundles of money. Perhaps this is an indication of things to come if Roy Harris can really fight.



how good is ROY HARRIS?

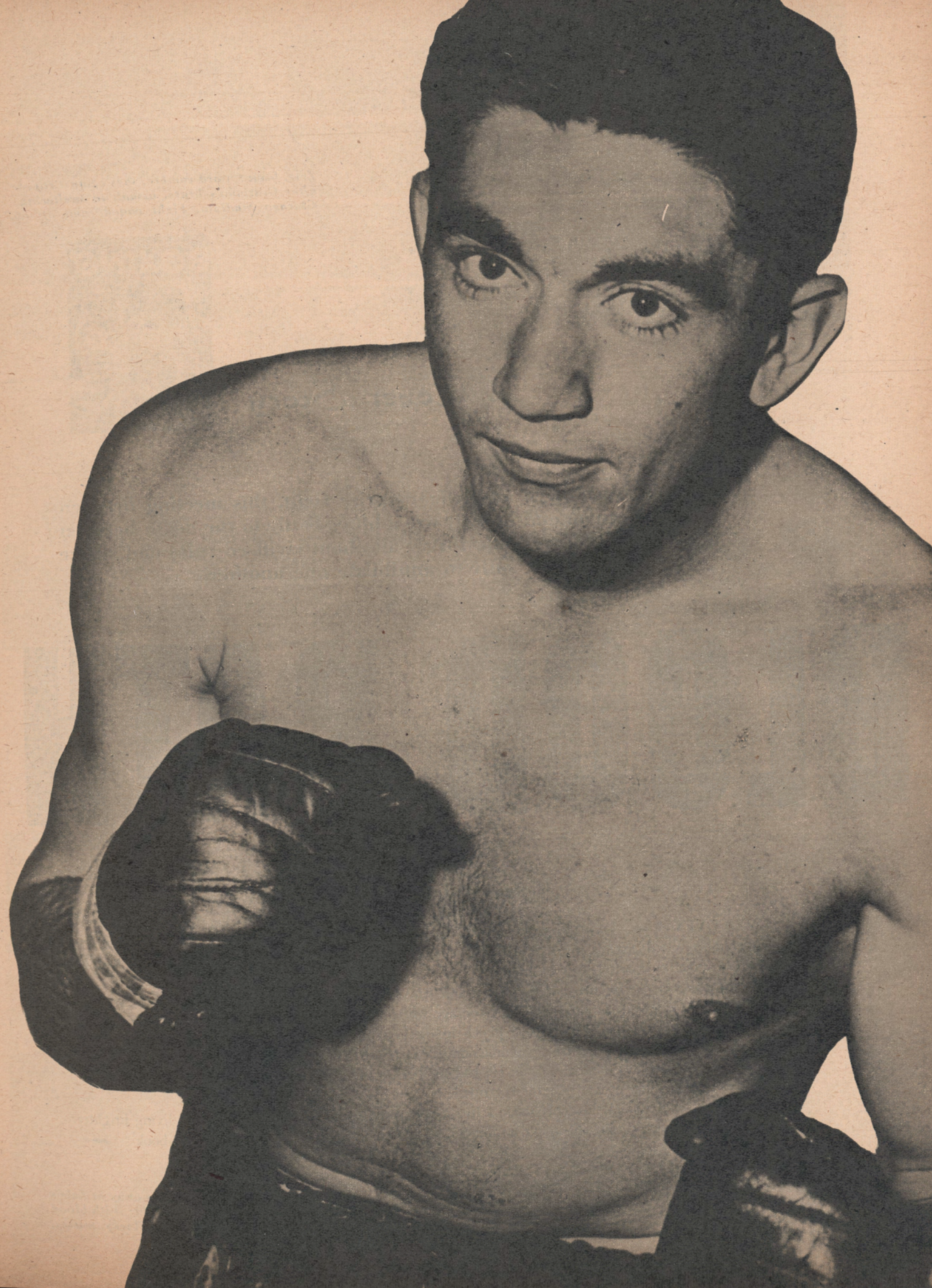
From the town of Cut and Shoot, Texas comes an exciting young heavyweight who beat Bob Baker, Charley Norkus and Willie Pastrano. Now they're wondering if he can go all the way to the championship.

YOU see that a certain fighter comes from a place called "Cut and Shoot," Texas and you naturally wonder if there is such a place or whether it is some kind of a publicity stunt. You notice that this boy from Cut and Shoot is beginning to kick up his heels down home and that the folks around the gyms up North are beginning to talk and wonder about him. From out of nowhere he came on to whip Charley Norkus and Bob Baker and then to score an almost unbelievable victory over the world's third ranked heavyweight, Willie Pastrano. Who is this Roy Harris anyway . . . this boy from Cut and Shoot who is good enough to knock over our big name contenders. Evidently he must really be able to fight, which itself is a novelty today.

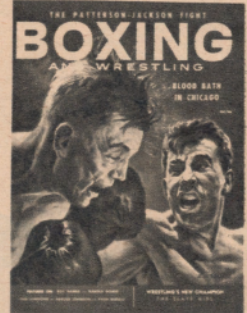
What if Baker is fat, lazy and suffering from a chronic case of bruised hands. And what if Norkus is, perhaps, over the hill. Harris isn't the first heavyweight to be built up on past opponents. They did it with Marciano and Louis and most of the others we

(Continued on page 56)

Harris is handsome, clean living youngster who has never lost a professional fight. He has thus far won 20 out of 20, eight by knockouts. His face is unmarked



Zale, back toward camera, sags against ropes after Graziano's brutal assault in sweltering Chicago Stadium. Fight ended soon after.



Cover Story

It wasn't just an ordinary prize fight, this meeting between Graziano and Zale. It was a bitter battle to the death between two wild men who forgot all about civilized rules and strove only to annihilate one another.

BLOOD BATH

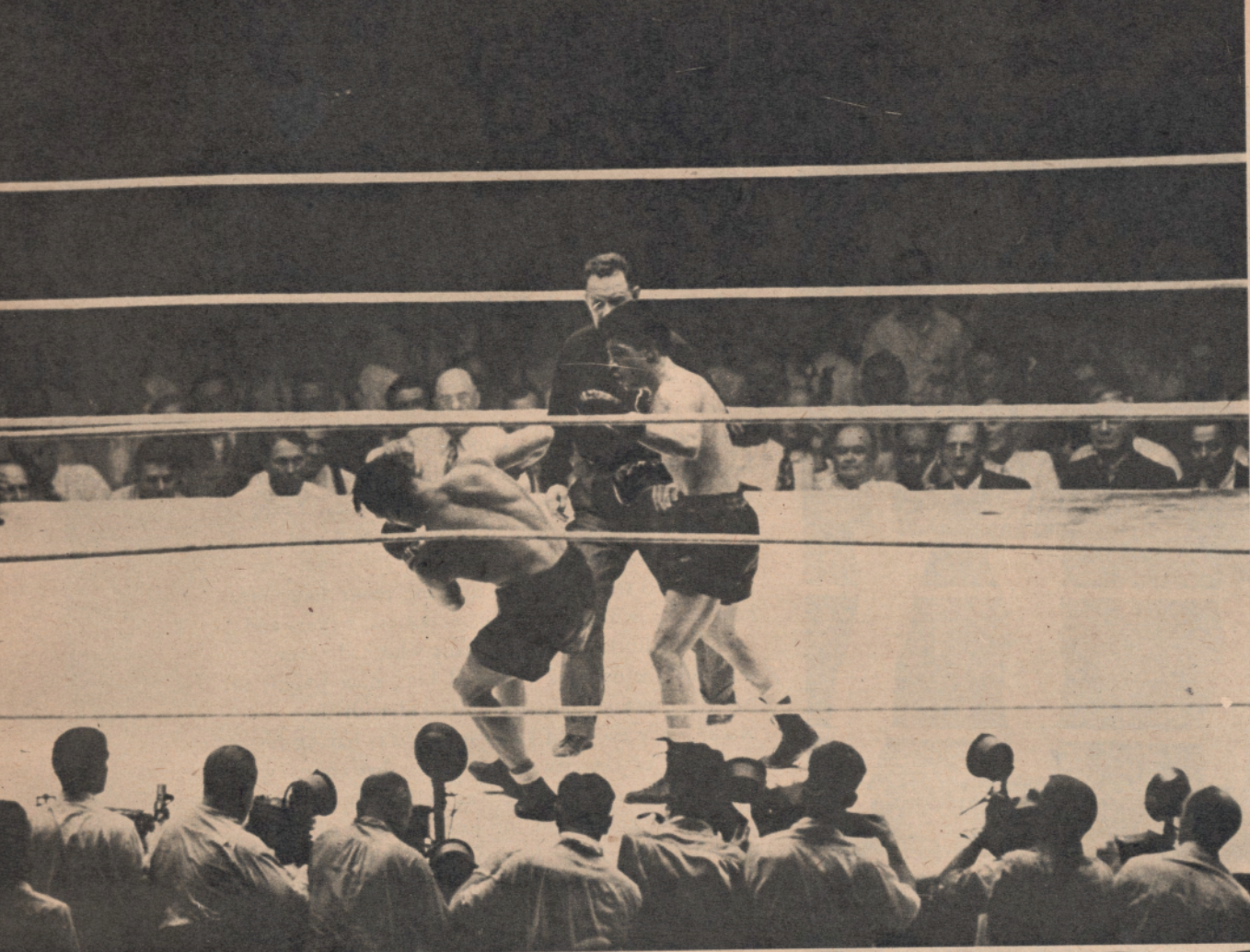
BY THE EDITOR

IT WAS OVER. It had been the most grueling legalized blood bath in modern ring history. The new Champion strutted around the ring and the wild crowd was still yelling and shoving and mauling closer to the ring for a better view of him.

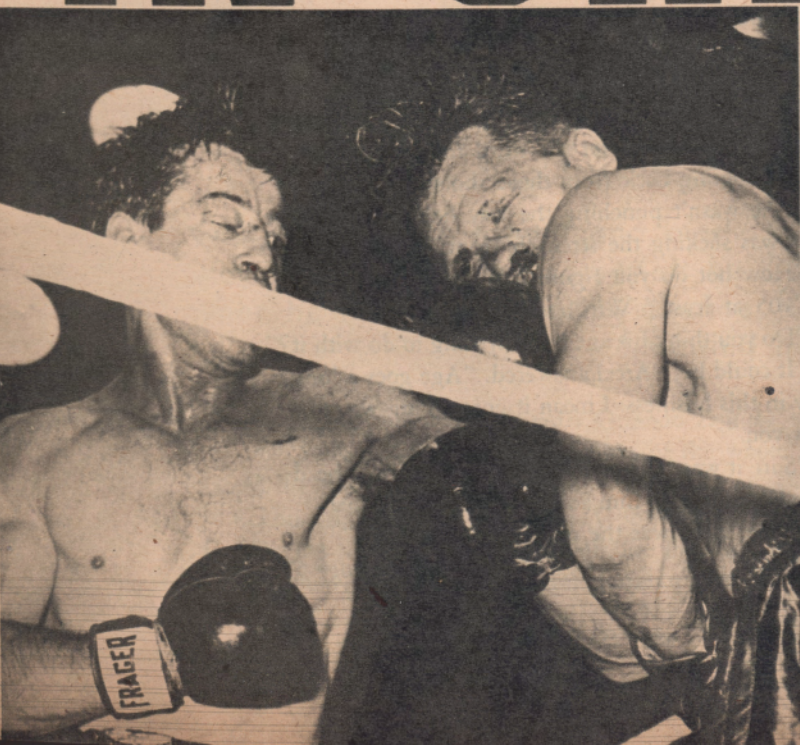
The tough little guy off the teeming streets and stinking alleys of New York's lower East Side had made it to the top. They had questioned his courage when he did not get up in time the September before, after Tony Zale had dropped him with a punch in the belly and he had been kicked around because he never heard of Rule '64 in the Boxing Commission's code which says that a fighter must report an attempted bribe, even when it was done as a joke. He had his license lifted and to make a living, he had to leave his home and go to Chicago to fight for the title.

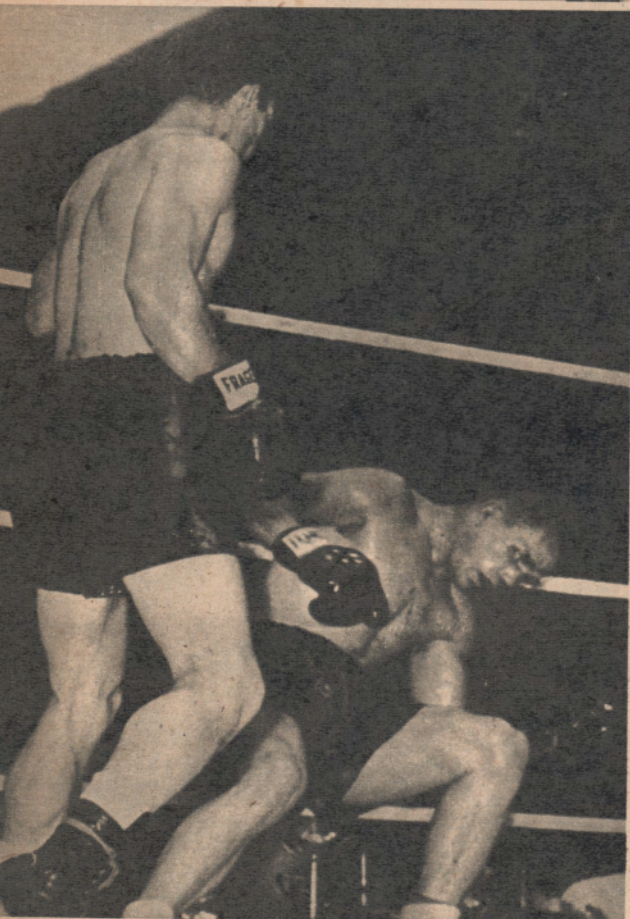
He made it all right. He not only made a living but won a championship to make that living brighter. He is the new middleweight champion of the world now and they'll put his name in the book ➡

Near right: Graziano slams away at Zale's torn face in 5th round. Far right: With blood streaming down his face Rocky misses.



IN CHICAGO





Blazing action in the final round had everyone in the arena in a state of frenzy. Zale was completely exhausted and unable to defend.

BLOOD BATH IN CHICAGO

alongside Ketchel's and Greb's. He can't wait to get home now and make those who banished him take him back into the fold, or look ridiculous. Yeah, he's the champ now, nobody can deny that, not even "them crumbs."

The mob stormed at his dressing room door, and, held back, swirled around it. Reporters, writers and friends of Rocky Graziano, many who had never seen him before had followed him, now fought to pay him homage. The muscular kid with the black, beady eyes and swollen face was having his first taste of the new, ready fame that comes with the championship and he was deliriously happy.

Right next door, in the loser's room, all was deathly quiet, except for a Chicago News photographer who asked Sam Pian to bring Zale out from the inner room so that he could take some shots of him. Pian said that he would, in a minute. Zale's chief corner man, Ray Arcel, naked except for a pair of shorts with a playing card design, was busily soaking towels in ice water, ringing them out, folding them in half and laying them out on the leather table. The room was stifling hot — hotter impossible as it sounds, as was the arena outside.

Arcel looked up Zale's co-manager Art Winch. "It was the heat that got him, not Graziano," Arcel said. "He just couldn't breathe."

"When did he first complain of the heat," asked the photographer?

"Never," Ray answered with a wild look on his face. "Never. He never complains about anything. But you could see after the third round that he wasn't coming back from those shots on the head. And he wasn't punching the way he had been. The heat was sucking the strength from his body."

"How hot do you figure it was out there?"

"105 at least," Winch said.

"Do you think his age had anything to do with it?"

"It could be," Arcel answered. "Age goes a long way in this business. I mean it goes a long way to beat you."

"Sure it was hot," someone said, "but those head punches didn't do him any good. Especially that first one. That was the one that ruined him."

(Continued on page 53)

BY CHARLES S. BIGLOW



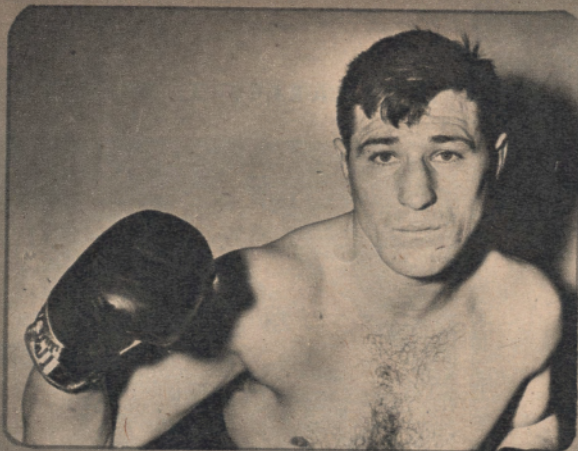
Above: Zulueta is tense but hopeful as he goes through final days of training in New York before leaving for Denver to round out preparations. Right: Orlando about to rise after second knockdown. But with only 21 seconds remaining in the bout Referee Ray Keech stopped the fight and Joe Brown was still lightweight champion.

Shattering of a **DREAM**

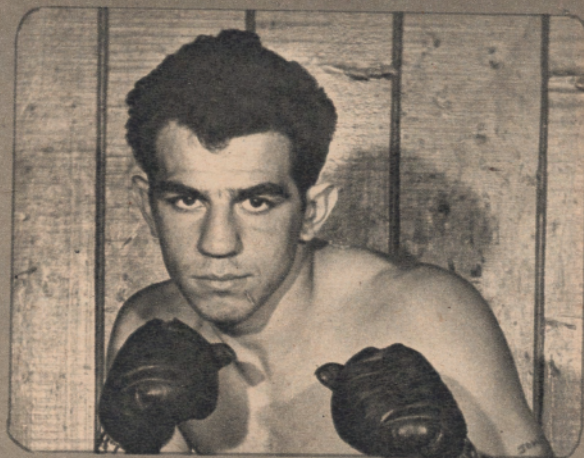
Orlando Zulueta fought and bled through a hundred bitter battles always confident that someday he'd be champion of all the world. But when he finally got his big chance, his glorious dream was turned into a haunting nightmare.

FOR eleven long, bruising years Orlando Zulueta kept telling himself over and over again: "someday me, Zulueta, win the championship of the whole world and when I go home to Cuba the people will crowd the streets and the little girls will throw flowers at me."

Through more than a hundred professional prize fights, in South America, the United States, Cuba and Europe, Zulueta carried himself like the heir apparent. He took frightful blows on his body that would have crushed anyone else built as delicately as he, but he never wavered and he (Continued on page 62)



YVON DURELLE



JOHNNY BUSO

4 TOUGH GUYS WITH A

A QUARTET OF ESTABLISHED TELEVISION FAVORITES, TWO VETERANS, TWO NEWCOMERS, BUT

IT IS hard not to like and root for Yvon Durelle, the granite-jawed fisherman from Nova Scotia. It was that way when he fought the up and coming Floyd Patterson back in February 1954 in Brooklyn. Patterson was 4-1 to win and 2-1 to knock him out. But Durelle was still standing at the finish. His lip torn and his right eye black and blue. Patterson staggered him a time or two but he couldn't knock him down and he couldn't make him quit. Nobody can make Durelle quit, he's that kind of a man. True, he didn't beat Patterson that night. He lost the heated exchanges because Patterson's blows zoomed at him from the inside while Durelle's came the long way around. Floyd, of course, went on to become champion while Durelle continued in the small clubs.

Durelle, who is 29, was thrown in with the world's leading light heavyweight contender, Tony Anthony last June and the draw decision was actually a glorious victory for the Canadian and humiliating defeat for Anthony. Most of the spectators who viewed the fight in Detroit agreed that the battle-scarred Durelle, a 6-1 underdog, received no favors from the officials who seemed to go out of their way to save face for Anthony.

Although Yvon Durelle lacks finesse and polish in the ring, he more than makes up for what he lacks with a generous amount of determined fire and bubbling self-confidence. He probably will never win the championship of the world but he is almost certain to make it extremely embarrassing for the one who does. ●

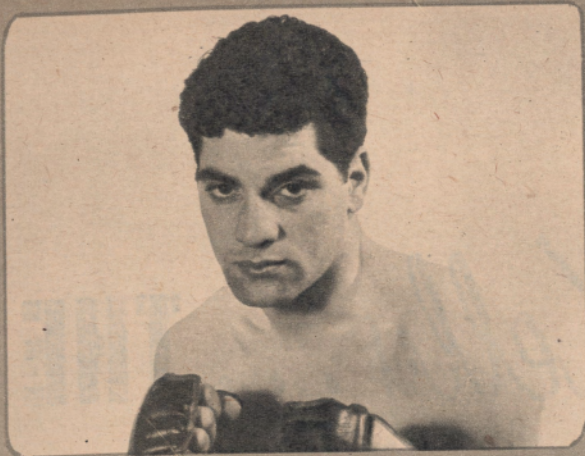
THE FIRST thing we want is to get an official rating from the National Boxing Association," fight manager Nunzio DeLucia told newspaper reporters as they crowded around him in the small dressing room in Boston's Mechanics Hall. DeLucia's fighter, Johnny Busso, a lightweight out of New York, was lying stretched out on the rubbing table while a doctor prepared to stitch the ugly wound over his left eye.

Busso had just scored a major upset by banging out a rather one-sided decision over pulverizing Larry Boardman, who some experts consider the hardest hitting lightweight in the world. Busso had never been in the N.B.A. ratings and now his manager felt he had his foot in the door and that they would have to put Busso in whether they liked it or not."

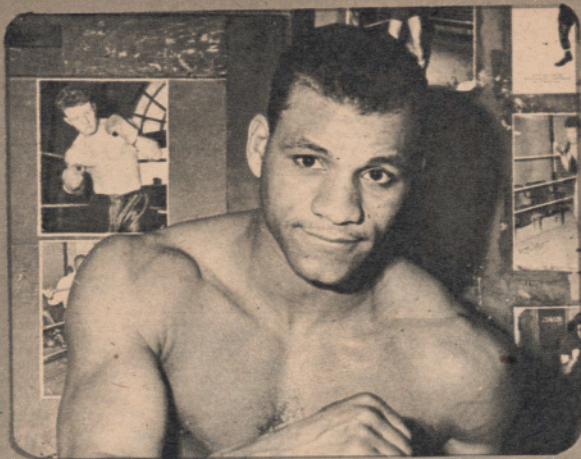
Busso is, of course, deserving of a top ten rating. He has the kind of a record that stamps him as a very serious contender and enough power in either fist to stow away anybody he hits. Let's look at his record first. Thirty-five fights in all, thirty victories and one draw. And among his victims are solid boys, who in their own right rate championship consideration: Orlando Zulueta, Frank Ippolito and now Larry Boardman.

Of lightweight champion Joe Brown, Busso is quick to admit: "he's really good, no question about it.

Would he like to fight Brown? "Naturally I would. He's got the title and the title is worth trying for. You don't get any place in this world waiting for the good things to come to you, you must go out and get them." ●



HAROLD GOMES



HAROLD JOHNSON

COMMON GOAL

EACH WITH HIS OWN SPECIAL BRAND OF THRILLS.

HAROLD GOMES is a muscular, murderous punching featherweight out of Providence, R. I. who has thus far appeared on two television shows and both times turned in sensational knockouts, one over Bobby Rogers in 9, the other over Lulu Perez in 6. The twenty-four year old Gomes has been beaten only three times in 42 fights and is now a serious threat to the new champion, Hogan Bassey.

Developed in the active New England network, as was Rocky Marciano, Tommy Collins, Tony DeMarco and Walter Byars, Gomes blazes away three minutes of every round and says smugly: "all fights should go to a finish — until one guy can't stand on his feet any more."

Harold is that boxing rarity these days who can knock his opponent dead with one shot. It was that way when he fought Bobby Rogers. After surviving two earlier knockdowns, Rogers seemed to be holding his own in the 9th round when he missed a left hook and was tagged with electrifying suddenness by a countering right to his chin. He swayed crazily then slumped to the canvas where he was counted out.

Gomes figures to go a long way in boxing because he is the type fighter people love to watch — the sensational kayo artist who can turn near defeat into victory with one swish of his fist. Keep your eyes on this boy, he may very well be champion of the world within the next few years. ●

BEFORE Harold Johnson scored a sensational first round knockout over tough Clarence Hinnant last May, a veteran fight reporter said of the unpredictable Philadelphia light heavyweight:

Harold Johnson is a decided favorite over Clarence Hinnant in the light heavyweight 10 rounder. The 28 year old Philadelphian is a much better boxer and is far more experienced than is the 24 year old puncher from Washington, D. C.

Only don't bet on it.

Strange things happen to Johnson. No doubt his intentions always are impeiiable. But he does get the darndest results sometimes. In fact he seems to be accident prone.

In 1946 he started fighting for pay. By August, 1954, he looked to be the best lighthheavy in the world. He had a 48-5 record. He had stiffened 22 and only Joe Walcott had ever stopped him.

Then he met Archie Moore for the title. Harold had lost three out of four bouts against Archie but they had been mighty close. This time he was leading until the fourteenth round. Whereupon Harold got a mite careless and was knocked out, causing the under-dog bettors to moan exceedingly.

Hard luck apparently haunted him for sometime thereafter. Billy Smith, no bargain as a fighter, starched him in two. But then he stopped Paul Andrews, and his clients were again necouragedd.

Came Philadelphia, May 6, 1955. He was matched with Julio Mederos, a Cuban who would be a fifth-rater in any language. Mederos stiffened him in two. Harold explained later that he had eaten a poisoned orange just before ring time and thus the defeat could be blamed on what he ate.

With the blessings of all boxing commissions Harold resumed his life work last December and has won twice since, beating Bert Whitehurst in Portland and Bob Satterfield in Miami Beach.

Johnson has every qualification for ring greatness—wonderful boxing svill, a tremendous kick in his gloves, courage and the finest physique of any active fighter. If there was a single flaw in the "old" Harold Johnson it was a driving will to win. Some said he never cared—either about winning the championship or the money that went with it. Is the new Harold Johnson different from the old? Harold himself answers with a defiant "yes!" And so it had better be, for when a fighter reached the age of 28, as Johnson has, he is down to his last chance. ●



Kelly... THE GIANT KILLER

John B. Kelly, father of Princess Grace of Monaco, was so expert a fist fighter that both Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey agreed he might have won the heavyweight title had he not been sidetracked into becoming a multi-millionaire instead.

BY STANLEY WESTON

THIRTY-SIX years have passed since John B. Kelly became the first American ever to win the Olympic sculling championship, but the famous Philadelphian, now 68, remains as straight as a ramrod, lean and sinewy. He is slightly heavier, 10 pounds, but there is still a gladiator quality about him, like maybe he had once been a prize fighter.

"As a matter of fact," confessed Jack Kelly in an exclusive interview with us, "I was a fist-fighter. I am very proud of that part of my athletic background. Overseas, during World War I, I fought in many Army smokers. If it hadn't been for a broken ankle, suffered in a truck accident, I might have won the AEF light-heavyweight title; my old friend, Gene Tunney, had to settle for a decision over the same man I knocked out in the first round two months before.

"One night, Tunney and I got together for dinner, and I kidded him:

"'You know, Gene, it was a good thing we never met in the ring.'

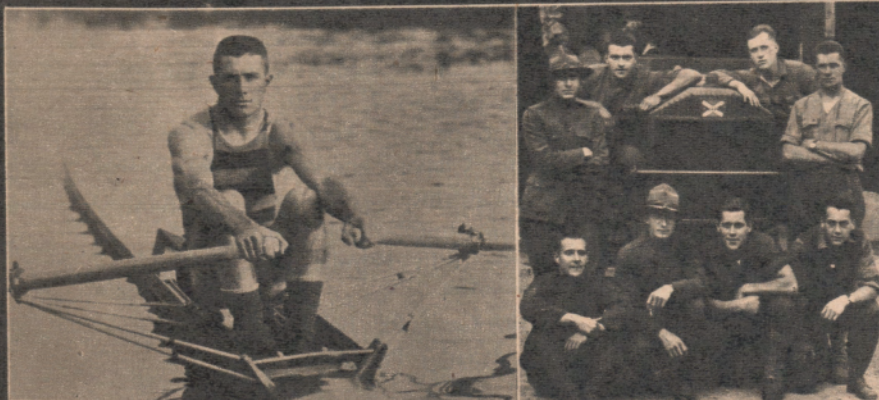
"Gene asked why.

"'Because,' I said, 'if I hadn't broken my ankle you wouldn't have won the AEF title, and championship.'

"We both laughed.

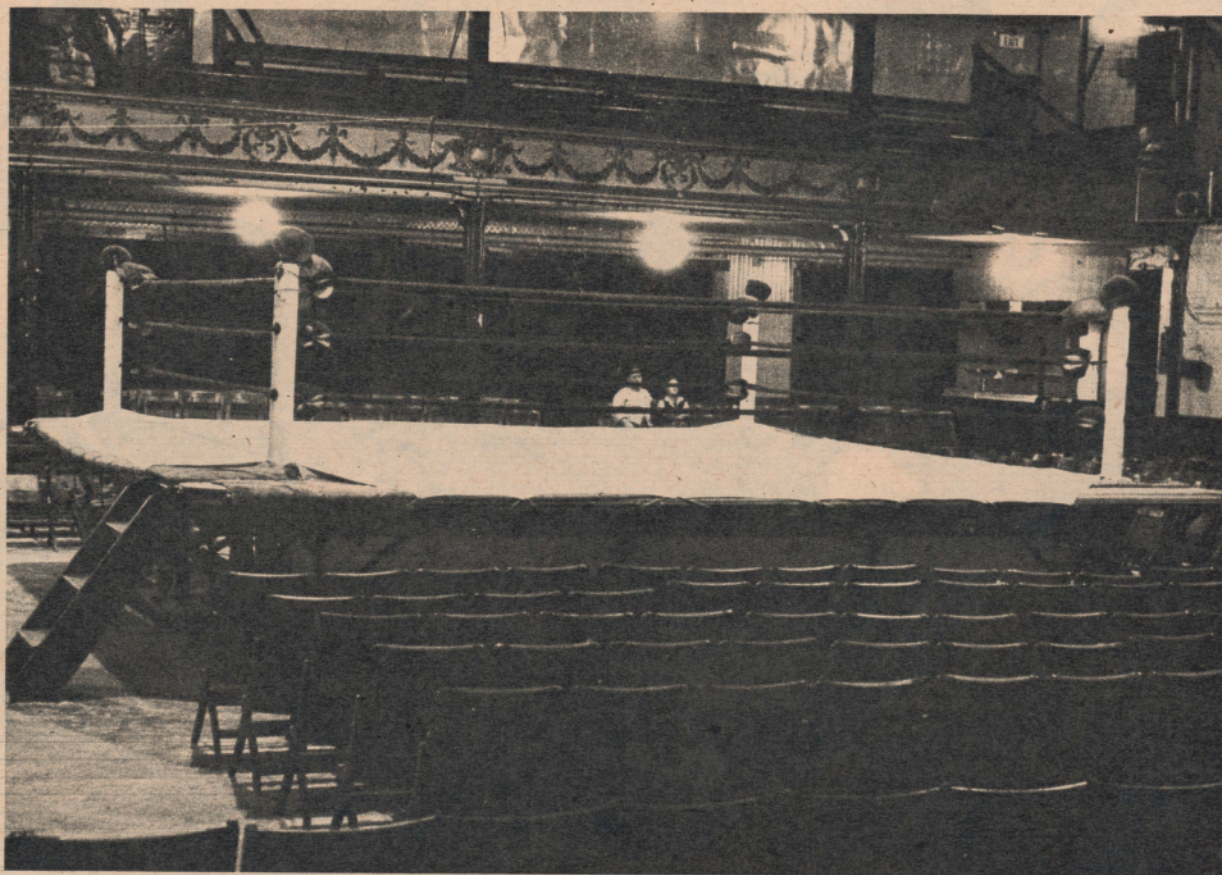
(Continued on page 63)

Meeting John Kelly for the first time, Jack Dempsey, right, then heavyweight champion, said that Kelly had one of the finest builds he had ever seen. They are still close friends.



Skulling champion Kelly in 1920. He was voted the greatest oarsman in U. S. history. His record of 126 victories without a defeat is still a record. At right, in France, 1918, Kelly stands at right with arms folded. He was commissioned on the battle field in combat.

John Kelly, Sr., still an impressive figure of a man, walks down boardwalk at Atlantic City with daughters Grace, left, and Liz. His favorite sport boxing.



★ **M**OST HISTORIC RING IN THE COUNTRY



■ Look at the picture of this boxing ring. No, not an ordinary ring, but the oldest ring still in use in the United States. Located in Laurel Garden, Newark, New Jersey, it has been in continual use, according to promoter Babe Cullen, at least fifty years.

In this ring Luis Angel Firpo made his American debut on March 20, 1922 against Salior Maxted. That was the bout Firpo hired a photographer to record on film and later made a fortune renting the movie for viewing throughout South America.

Max Schmeling knocked out Pietro Corri in this ring in his second bout in the United States. Schmeling scored a first round knockout, February 7, 1929.

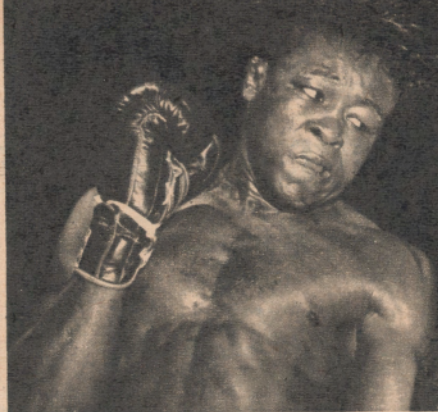
It was here that Johnny Dundee fought Willie Jackson and where all of the famous Zivic brothers boxed many many times. Tommy Gibbons knocked out Porky Flynn in this ring and Benny Leonard stopped Willie Ritchie.

Here are just a few of the fighters who fought in this historic ring: Billy Miske, Charley Weinert, Jack McVey, Jack Hood, Sid Terris, Billy Petrolle, Pete Latzo, Dave Shade, Jeff Smith and Mike Gibbons.

Also Johnny Buff, Abe Attell Goldstein, Vittorio Campolo, Bob Pastor, Kid Williams, Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Pinky Mitchell and Sailor Friedman. ●

BOXING AND WRESTLING CONGRATULATES

Inspired Kid Gavilan for his thrilling
victory over Gasper Ortega...



ratings of the month

Heavyweights <i>World Champion</i> FLOYD PATTERSON 1— Eddie Machen 2— Zora Folley 3— Roy Harris 4— Willie Pastrano 5— Nino Valdez 6— Pat McMurtry 7— Wayne Bethea 8— Tommy Jackson 9— Alex Miteff 10— Bob Satterfield	Light-heavyweights <i>World Champion</i> ARCHIE MOORE Harold Johnson Tony Anthony Yvon Durelle Chuck Spieser Hans Stretz Yolande Pompey Artenino Calzavara Clarence Hinnant Willi Hoepner Randy Turpin	Middleweights <i>World Champion</i> RAY ROBINSON Spider Webb Gene Fullmer Charley Humez Rory Calhoun Joey Giardello Joey Giambra Charley Joseph Bobby Boyd Ralph Tiger Jones Willie Vaughn	Welterweights <i>World Champion</i> CARMEN BASILIO Tony De Marco Isaac Logart Virgil Akins Vince Martinez Larry Baker Kid Gavilan Gasper Ortega C. (Tombstone) Smith Walter Byars Sugar Hart
Lightweights <i>World Champion</i> JOE BROWN 1— Kenny Lane 2— Ralph Dupas 3— Duilio Loi 4— Orlando Zulueta 5— Cisco Andrade 6— Paolo Rosi 7— Johnny Busso 8— Baby Vasquez 9— Carlos Ortiz 10— Willie Toweel	Featherweights <i>World Champion</i> HOGAN BASSEY Cherif Hamia Davey Moore Miguel Berrios Isidro Martinez Ike Chestnut Flash Elorde Jose Coterio Harold Gomes Jean Sneyers Paul Jorgensen	Bantamweights <i>World Champion</i> ALPHONSE HALIMI Raul Macias Mario D'Agata Leo Espinosa Billy Peacock Dante Bini Orlando Reyes Jimmy Carson Al Asuncion Robert Tartari Joe Becerra	Flyweights <i>World Champion</i> PASQUAL PEREZ Dommy Urusa Young Martin Memo Diez Aristide Pozzali Hitoshi Masako Ramon Arias Frank Jones Robert Pollazon Masaji Iwamoto German Pardo

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THE BEST INTERCHANGEABLE "HOME GYM DUMBBELL SET" YOUR MONEY CAN BUY

IF YOU train at home and don't have enough room to use our larger Home Gym Sets, shown on the back cover of this magazine then we recommend this amazing combination dumbbell set. Compact and versatile, you can perform an endless variety of muscle building exercises with this outfit in a limited space and store conveniently when not in use. Gives **FAST RESULTS** — only 30 minutes a day, 3 times a week for full

benefits. You will pack on many pounds of bodyweight and muscle on the arms, chest, back, shoulders and legs; improve your physical appearance and gain new self confidence. Perfect for women, older men and children, too. Can be converted at any future time into gym set shown on back cover at nominal cost. Positively **GUARANTEED** as the **BEST** Home Gym Dumbbell Set at any price!

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 I want to take advantage of this great offer of convenient Home Gym Dumbbell Training and build a powerful physique at home **FAST!** I understand that I must get results or I can repack the outfit and send it back for a refund in one week! I enclose \$23.98 in full payment.

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2 SWINGBELL. Stimulate vital power in lower back and waist. Helps digestion, keeps mid-section trim and helps reduce overweight.

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4 IRON BOOTS. Strengthens legs and mid-section. Removes overweight from waist, thighs and hips. Gives energy and pep for all sports.

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9 PRECISION MADE PLATES. Made to last a lifetime. Cannot crack or chip. Baked enamel finish.

10 EXERCISE CHARTS. Over 50 exercises posed for you by a famous bodybuilding champion. Each movement clearly and thoroughly shown.

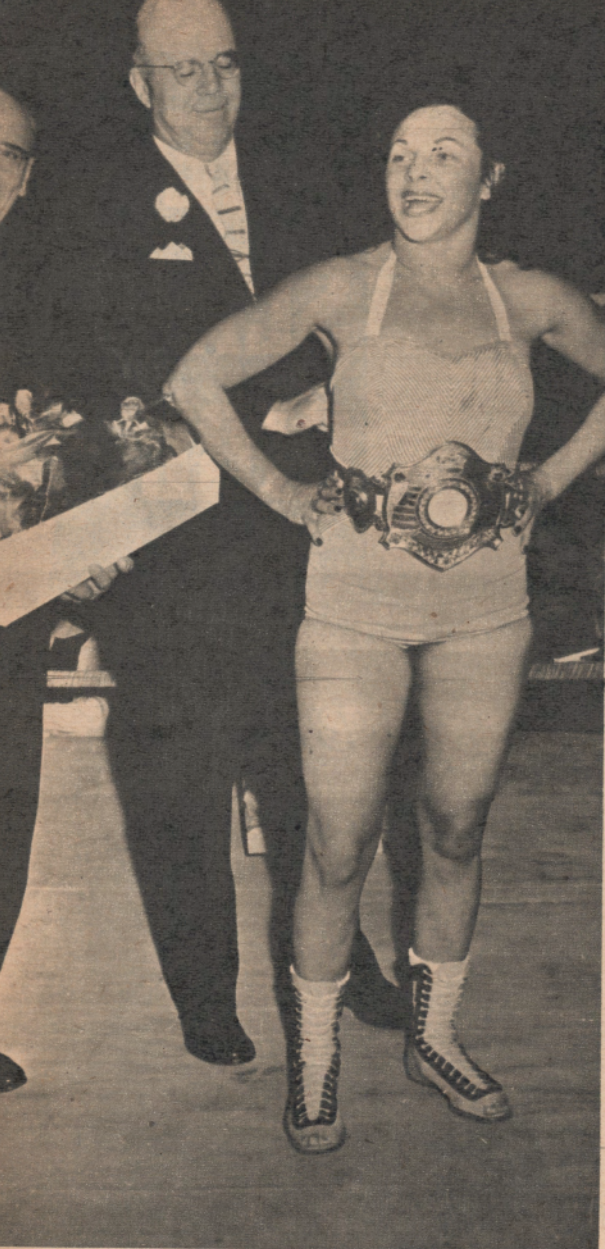
PLUS personal training advice whenever needed for **LIFE!**

WRESTLING

THE SLAVE GIRL

*Fabulous
Moolah*





Commissioner Marshall Boone of Maryland presents championship belt to Slave Girl.

A tremendous amount of work and planning go into making a champion. Here is how one of the most colorful lady wrestlers of all time reached the top.

BY LAWRENCE SANFORD

WHY SLAVE GIRL IS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

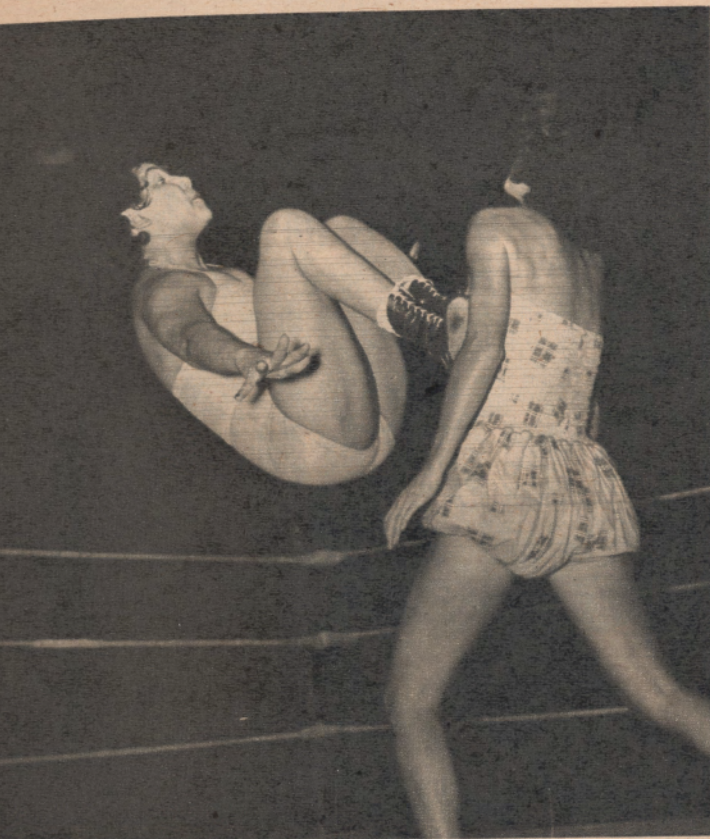


THE wrestling boom touched off in the men's division has swept into the female end of the game. Two major factors are accountable for it: First, the recent Federal monopolistic decision regarding Wrestling which resulted in disbanding what was heretofore an amalgamation of bookers controlling wrestling and Second is the staunch support of the Maryland State Athletic Commission which for years, has given its support to women wrestlers and recognized a world's champion. It goes back quite a few years and began when the Maryland solons recognized Mildred Burke world's champion, later her successor June Byers and now the Fabulous Moolah, present title holder who was presented with the diamond studded belt by Commissioner J. Marshall Boone, at the Coliseum in Baltimore, Md. the night of September 18th, 1956, when she won the title.

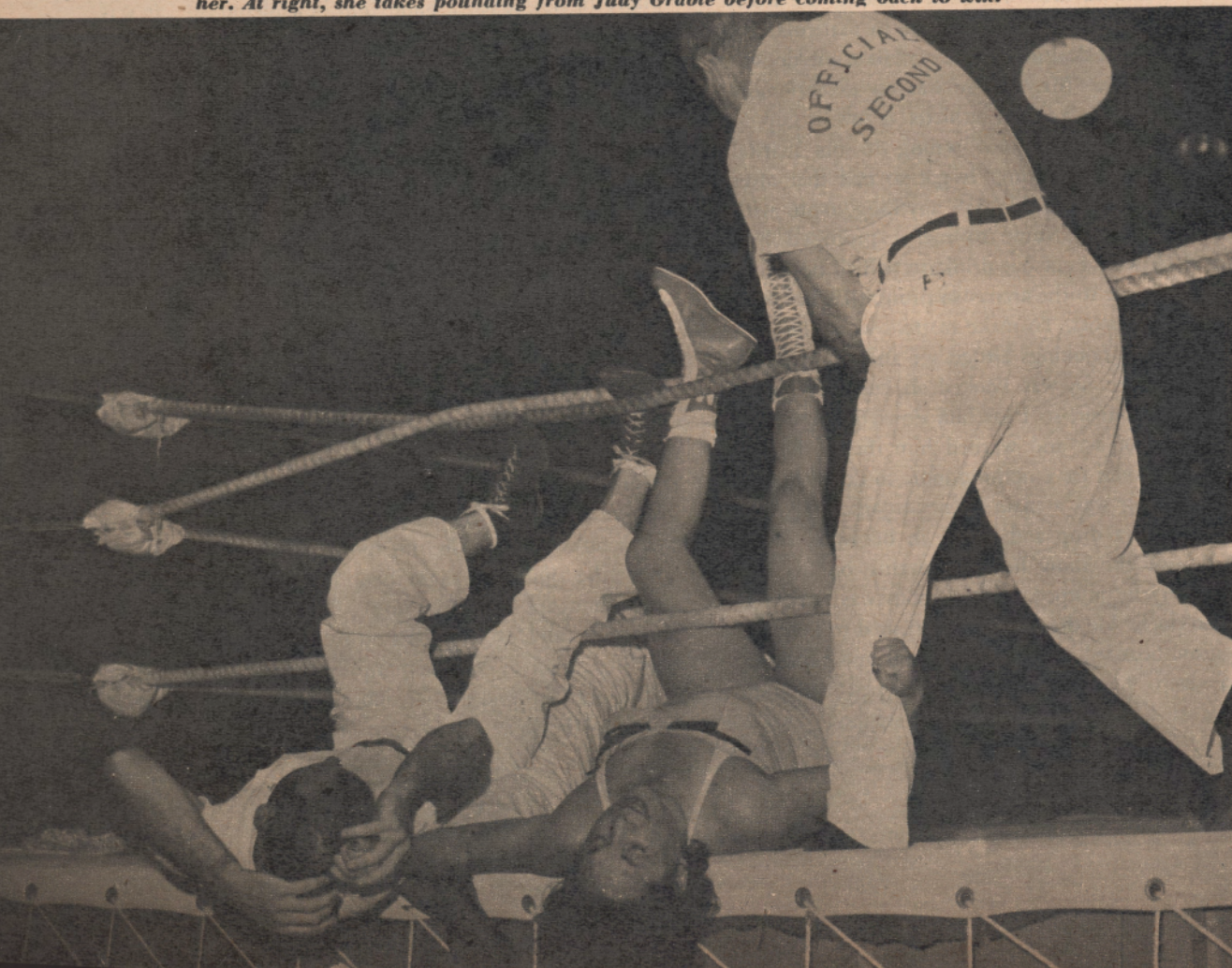
Previous to the monopoly ruling in Washington, D.C., girl wrestlers were held in even tighter control than the men. Billy Wolfe was virtually the sole booker of feminine mat talent in the country. Once in a great while an enterprising booker came along and tried his hand at booking girls. He didn't get far however, most girls were afraid to take chances with a new booker thereby getting themselves in Wolfe's bad graces. Wolfe made big money for his girls, but he kept them strictly in line so they had no chance to work for any organization in line so they had no chance

(Continued on page 67)

Moolah becomes involved with referee during match in Dallas, Texas. Her opponent is Daisy May seen in upper right of picture as she puts pressure on ropes to make the official's task even more difficult.



Whenever the fabulous Slave Girl Moolah steps into a ring it is a guarantee of spine-tingling action to come. Here she drop kicks Daisy May before pinning her. At right, she takes pounding from Judy Grable before coming back to win.



A HALF CENTURY OF BELLY-LAUGHS

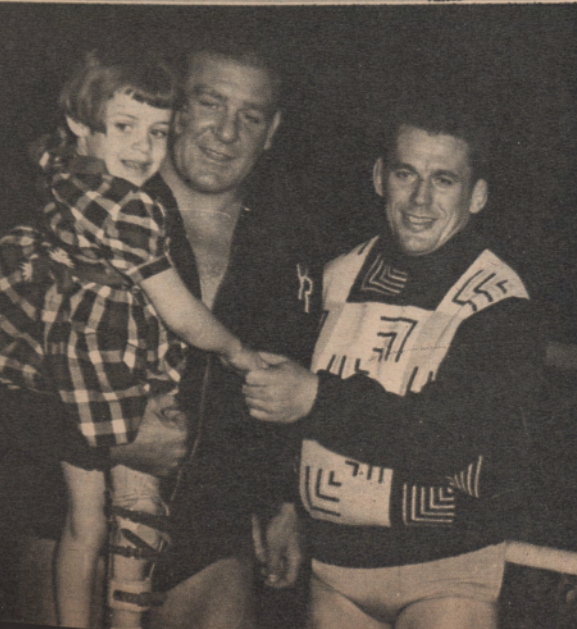
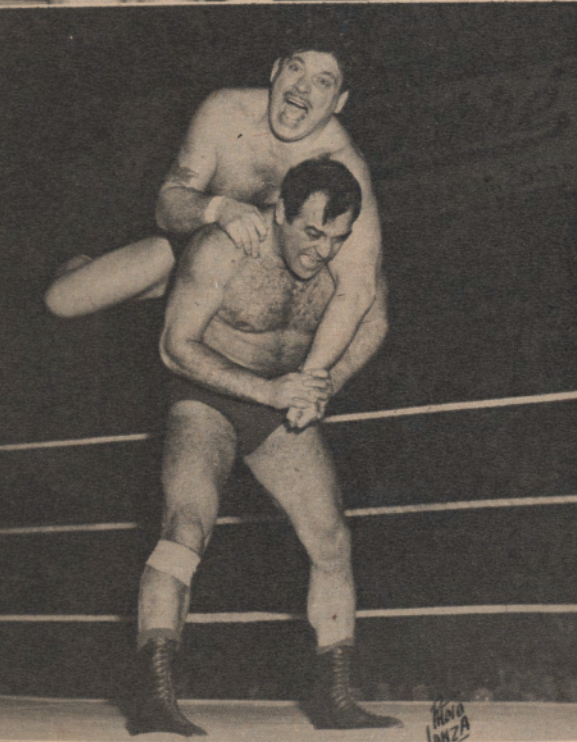
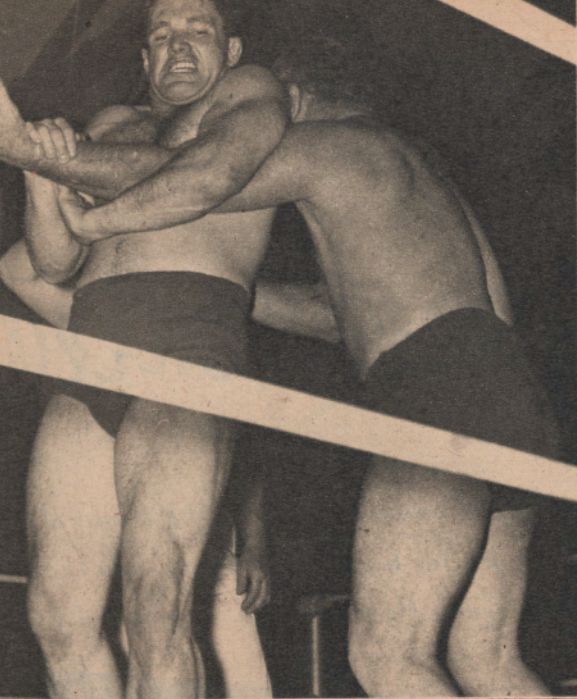
FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS AL MAYER HAS BEEN AN INTRICATE PART OF THE WRESTLING SCENE. HERE IS A HILARIOUS COLLECTION OF HIS FUNNIEST STORIES.

BY AL MAYER

THIS one is a favorite of mine. Among the many wrestlers I handled there was one in particular for whom I felt a great deal of sympathy. His name doesn't matter. I'll call him Mr. X. He was an exceptionally well educated man, a great athlete, a swell guy to know. Then, something went wrong in his marital life and he took to drinking. It got so bad that after a while no promoter would have anything to do with him. That's when he came to me. I promised him bookings if he would cut out drinking, which he didn't do. Often, he came to the arenas so drunk that he could hardly finish his bouts. To make matters worse he then began to miss his bookings altogether and often failed to show up where he was booked. It couldn't go on that way much longer, so I sat him down in my office, read him the riot act and warned him that if he got drunk again I would have nothing more to do with him. His next booking was a main event at Jamaica Arena. He didn't touch a drop and stayed in his hotel room. On the day of the show he was dozing on his bed when suddenly he jumped up, the room was dark and it was six o'clock. He dressed quickly rushed to Pennsylvania station, boarded a train for Jamaica and promptly went to sleep. Luckily he woke up when the train pulled in at his destination. As he stepped on the

platform he looked around him bewildered . . . it was broad daylight! "What time is it?" he asked someone. "Seven o'clock" "Er . . . at night?" he asked. "You nuts? When did you see the sun shining at night?" said the disgusted party as he walked away. Mr. X had gotten up twelve hours too soon, so he went back to New York and his hotel where he overslept and missed the show! Was he fired, of course not. Mr. X to-day is a prosperous business man. He gave up drinking and often tells this true story about himself when he was a wrestler.

WHAT about the wrestler returning to New York alone in his car from an out-of-town engagement? A few miles outside a small town, he suddenly heard a voice calling: "What time is it?" He stopped, there were no cars in sight, nobody around. He looked at his watch, it was 4:30 in the morning. Who'd want to know the time? He was about to drive on, when he heard it again. Looking in the direction from which the voice came he noticed it was a cemetery. Then he saw it . . . an apparition jumping out of a grave! He didn't wait around to see more. He covered the six miles to the next town (Continued on page 69)



RESULTS OF THE MONTH

By Norman Preo

NORTH

Wilbur Snyder won over Dick Afflis—Disq.
 Angelo Poffo beat Jerry Christy
 Mighty Atlas vs Thor Hagan — Draw
 Buddy Rogers vs Billi Darnell—No Contest
 Bobby Brus beat Joe Costello
 Hans Schmidt beat Gino Angelo
 Hans Schmidt beat Dick Afflis
 Ed. Carpentier beat Gypsy Joe
 Sheik of Araby beat John Siksay
 Bobby Managoff beat Red Lyons
 Buddy Rogers beat Fritz von Eric
 Joe Walcott beat Fritz von Eric (KO 3 rds.)
 Roy McClarity Won over Bob Geigel—Disq.
 Butch Levy beat Fritz von Ulm
 Buddy Rogers beat Zebra Kid
 Bobby Managoff vs Billy Darnell—Draw
 Butch Levy beat Bill Longson
 Al Smith beat Johnny Foti
 Wilbur Snyder beat Carl Engstrom
 Mark Lewin beat Ian Campbell
 Ed. Carpentier beat Hans Schmidt
 Angelo Poffo beat Bill Melby
 Bearcat Wright beat Chief White Owl
 Zebra Kid beat Leon Graham
 Don Eagle vs. Bearcat Wright—Draw

SOUTH

Pete Mahagoff beat Wee Willie Davis
 Red Berry beat Black Menace
 Cyclone Anaya beat Tinker Todd

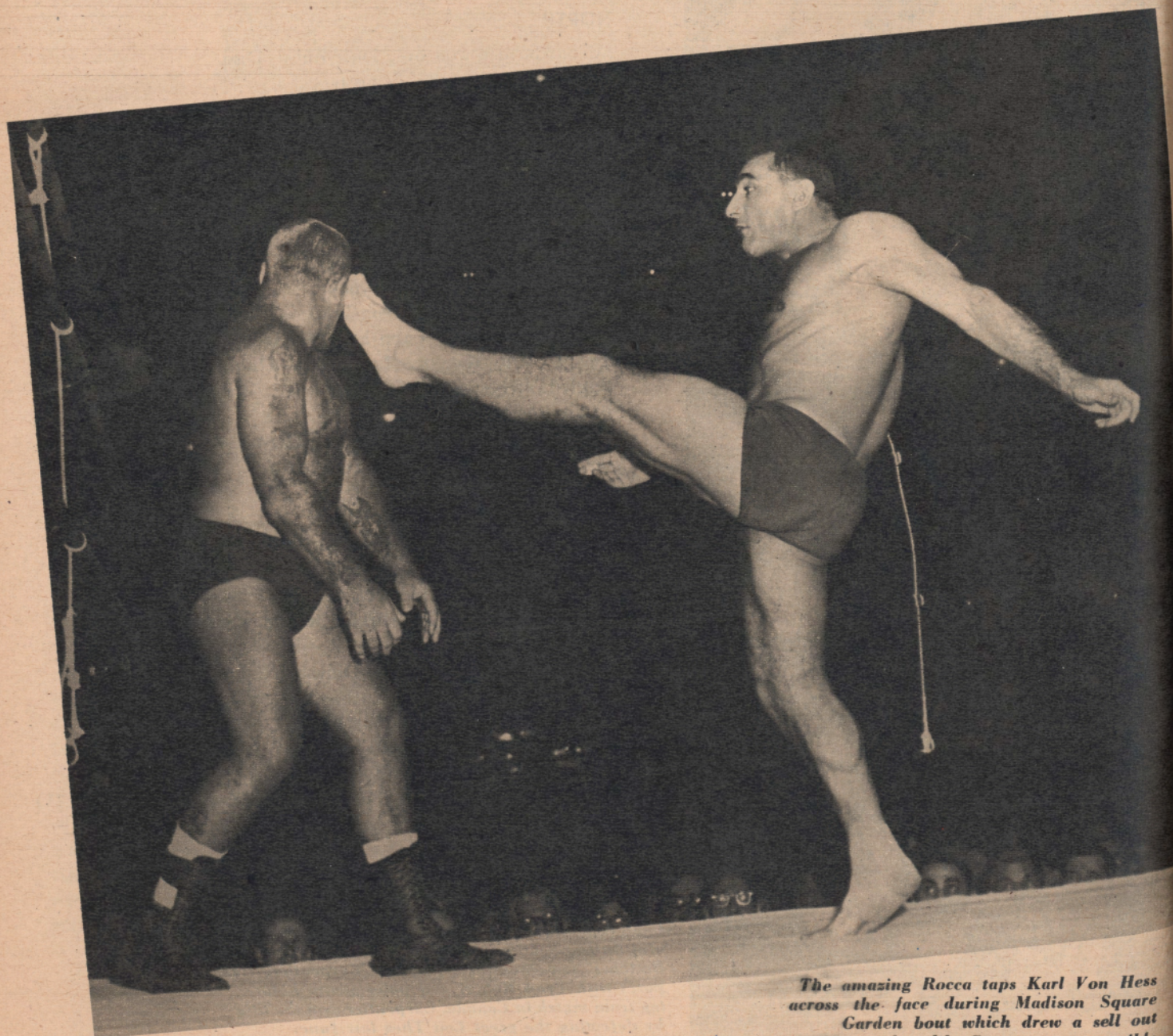
(Continued on page 71)

Top: Doug Donnan clamps an arm bar on Gino "Red" Vagnone at Twin Falls, Idaho prior to winning match. Center: Manuel Cortez refuses Len Hughes' arm during bout in Montreal. It ended in no-contest. Bottom: New champion Edouard Carpentier, right, poses with Yvon Robert and polio victim before tag team match in Canada. Carpentier won the title by defeating the great Lou Thez last June.

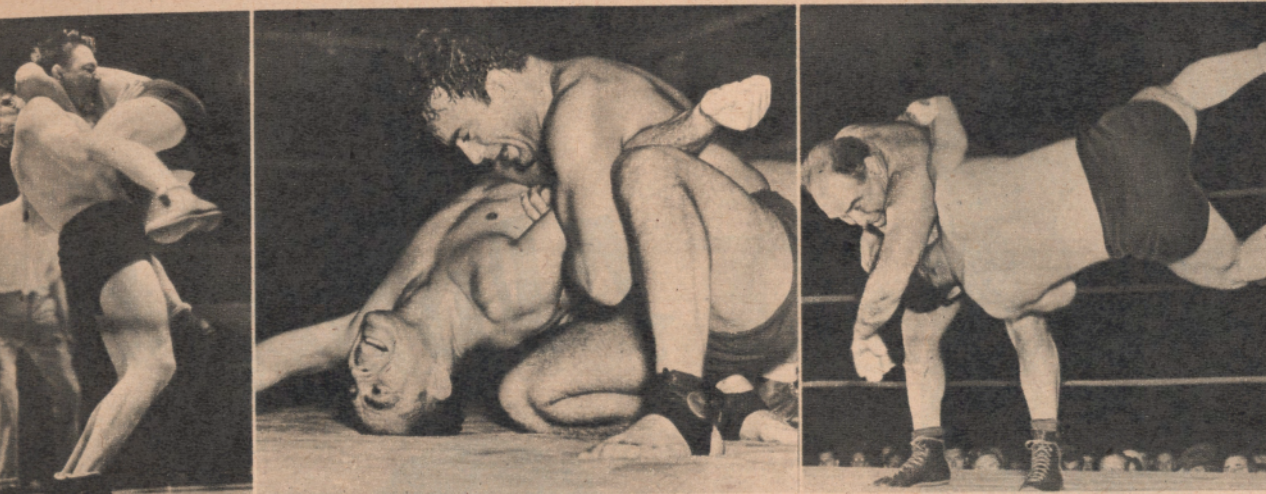
Why this unprecedented

BOOM !

*Judging by attendance records the Modern Day
Wrestlers are far bigger attractions than the Old
Time Greats. Here are the reasons why . . .*



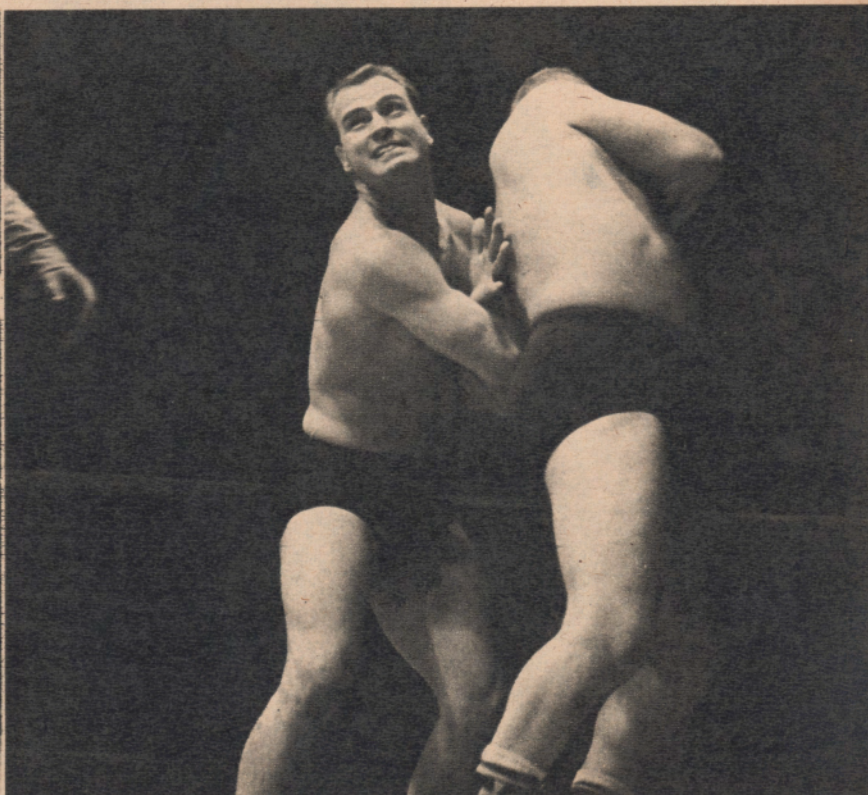
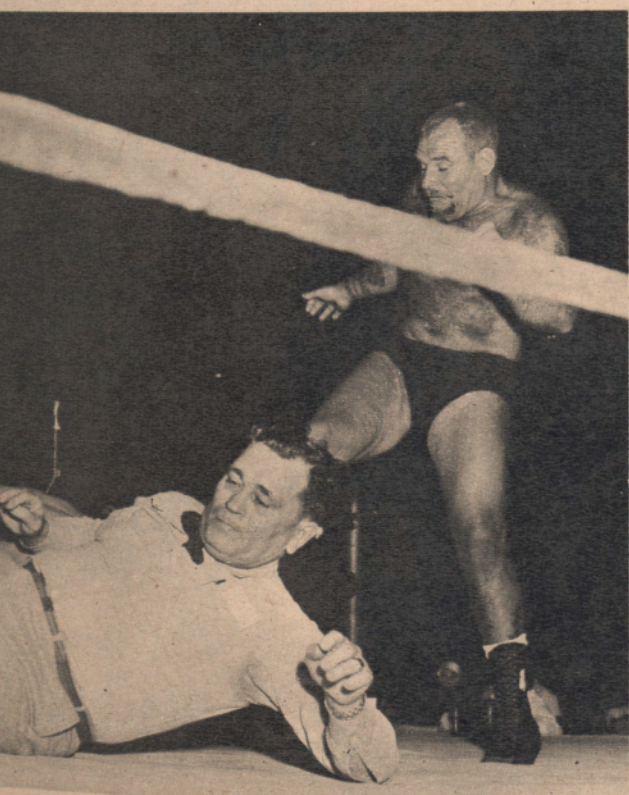
*The amazing Rocca taps Karl Von Hess
across the face during Madison Square
Garden bout which drew a sell out
crowd. Sensational wrestlers like Rocca are responsible
for the great upsurge in wrestling attendance.*



Some of the old time greats in action. Left: Dean Detton about to slam Ray Steele. Center: Jim Londos clamps arm lock on George Pencheff. Right: Ed "Strangler" Lewis tosses Lou Plummer to the mat. These bouts too place in the exciting 1930's.

BY AL MAYER THE roar of the crowd has died down but not before Madison Square Garden broke a 32 year wrestling attendance record. The stampede began on the night of November 26th 1956 and continued on February 4th, 1957, March 11th, March 30th and May 13th. Five wrestling shows for a gross of \$260,000, an average of \$50,000 a show, three of which completely sold out as thousands of wrestling hungry fans were turned away. The wrestling stampede was only halted when Evangelist Billy Graham took over the Garden. He too continued to hang out the S.R.O. sign but, to say the least, to a quieter and more sedate audience.

It is interesting, at this time, to compare previous sell-outs in the Garden under the aegis of the late Jack Curley and his mat stars, compared with to-days wrestling talent which produced the present unprecedented boom. Let us look at Curley's top grapplers. Here are some of them: Jim Londos — Ed "Strangler" Lewis — Jim McMillen — Tony Stecher — Jack Sherry — Zbyszko Bros. — Stanislaus and Wladek (Continued on page 78)



Left above: Bad man Von Hess becomes involved with Referee Jack Hubert during tag team match. Right above: sensational Ricki Starr who introduced a brand new series of bumps and grinds into wrestling, puts a hammer lock on unlucky opponent.



The sensational Gene Kiniski plows into Manuel Cortez's generous middle just prior to setting him for the finish and yet another victory.

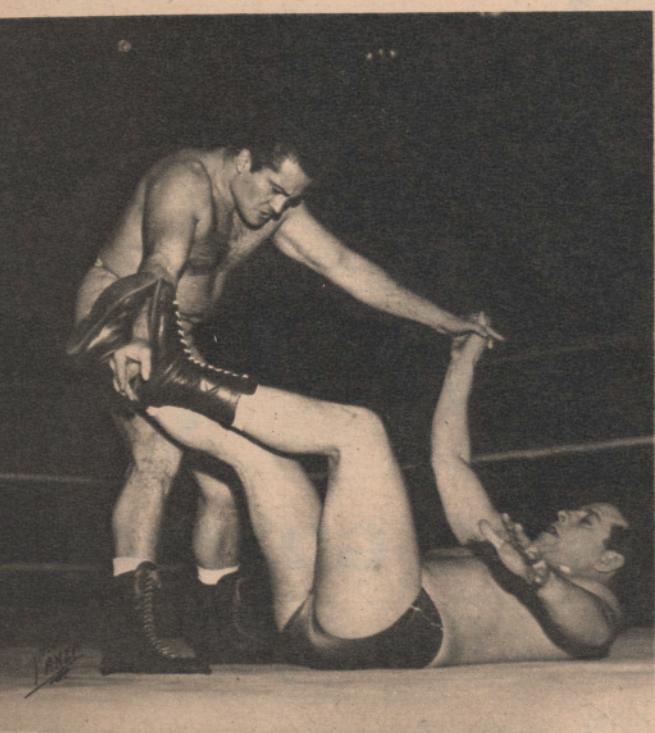
Along the

The very clever and well built Bob Nandor has become a tremendous favorite with American fans overnight.



Canadian Trail

BY BEN WEIDER, Canadian Editor



Hungarian champion Bob Nandor, on floor, renders Gene Kiniski helpless by locking his arms in unusual hold.

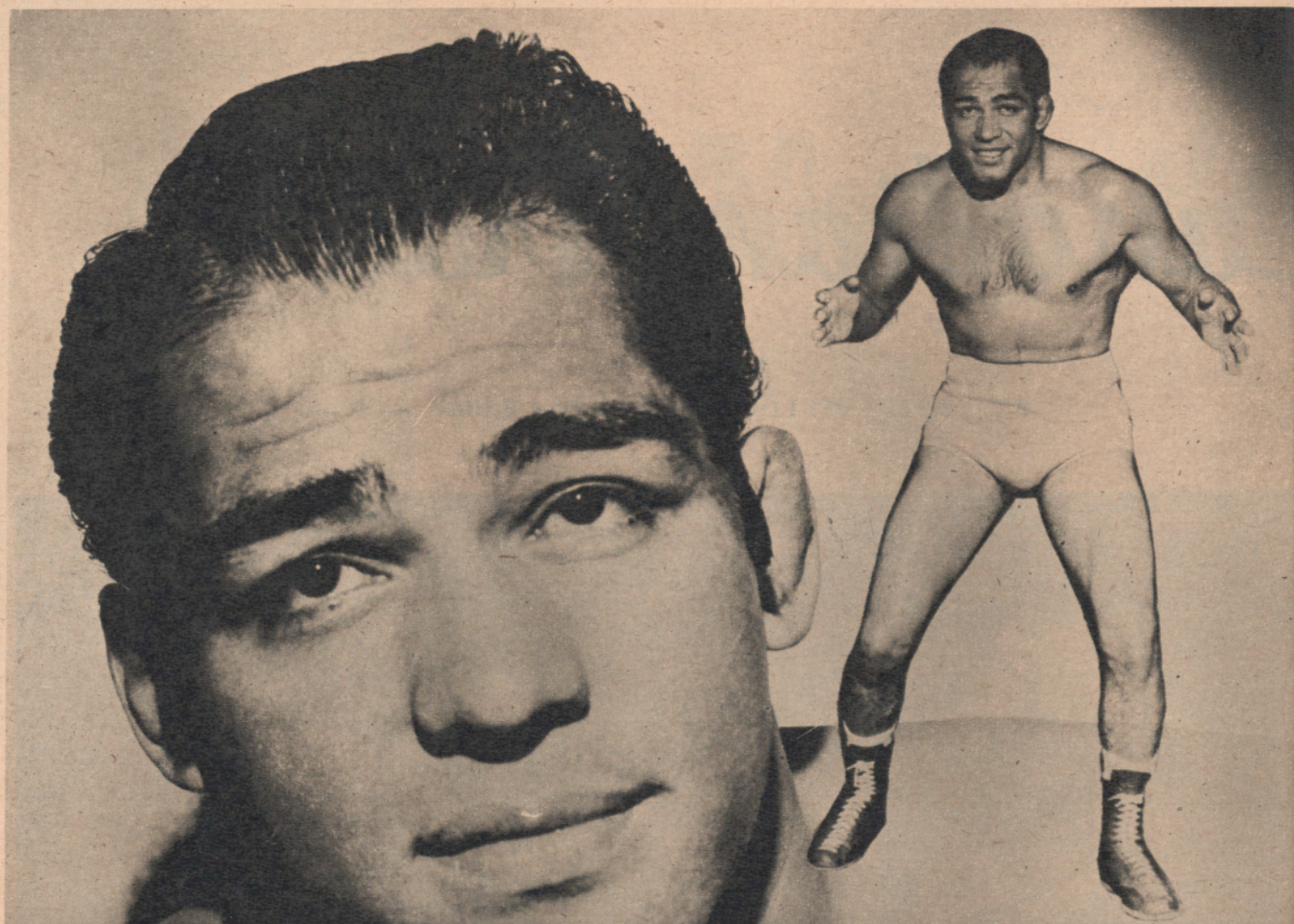


Gene Kiniski uses his favorite hold on Yvon Robert, the very painful "back breaker" and won bout easily.

AMONG the wrestlers I wish to talk about in this article are two Canadians — one is Bob Nandor, the other Gene Kiniski. Nandor, we now call "Canadian" because he makes his permanent home here, is actually a refugee from Hungary. In the past, Hungary has sent us top matmen, notably Sandor Szabo and when "freaks" held sway, the neckless wonder, Ferenc Hulaban. Nandor, needless to say, isn't in the freak class, but a clean cut scientific wrestler who gained his spurs amongst Europe's top matmen long before he thought he would be able to show his wares on the North American Continent.

There is quite a difference between Sandor Szabo's break into wrestling and Bob Nandor's. Szabo arrived as Europe's amateur heavyweight champion and didn't break into professionalism until he made his debut on this side of the Atlantic. Nandor was a pro with many years of experience overseas long before he came to Canada. He won the Junior Heavyweight championship of Europe after which he extended his activities throughout Europe and the Far East. The opportunity to enter Canada came when he was admitted as a refugee. It meant starting from scratch for the Hun

(Continued on page 69)



MEET MIGUEL "BLACK" GUZMAN

The Greatest Perfectionist in Wrestling Today

By Owen Killey

ONE of the things that helps Black Guzman overcome the advantage in weight his opponents enjoy is the fact that he is a perfectionist in the matter of applying holds. Realizing that he would have to overcome some great handicaps, Blackie first worked on the flying headscissors and then added his twisting, or, as it is sometimes called, Mexican headscissors, to his attack.

The twisting headscissor helps Blackie put his powerful legs to use with the help of some additional leverage. When he gets his feet in place across his opponents neck he is also using the principles of the sleeping hold and stopping the flow of blood to his opponents brain.

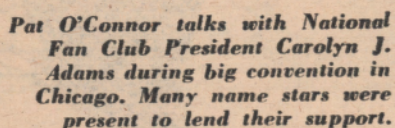
The grip has often come in for a lot of controversy, the main reason being that it is a scant half inch between fair and foul when the hold is applied, but if the referee can put his hand under Blackie's ankle as it lies across the throat of his opponent it is not a strangle.

But the only man in the arena who can tell is the referee and he must make the decision. No fan, no matter how close, can call the turn on the hold unless he actually puts his hand on the man's throat.

Realizing the potency of the sleep hold Blackie has worked out a fool proof method of applying it that keeps his opponents from applying the known breaks for it. He works his legs tight as he applies the twister on the neck. Once applied the grip is almost impossible to break and it means curtains for the man it is applied on.

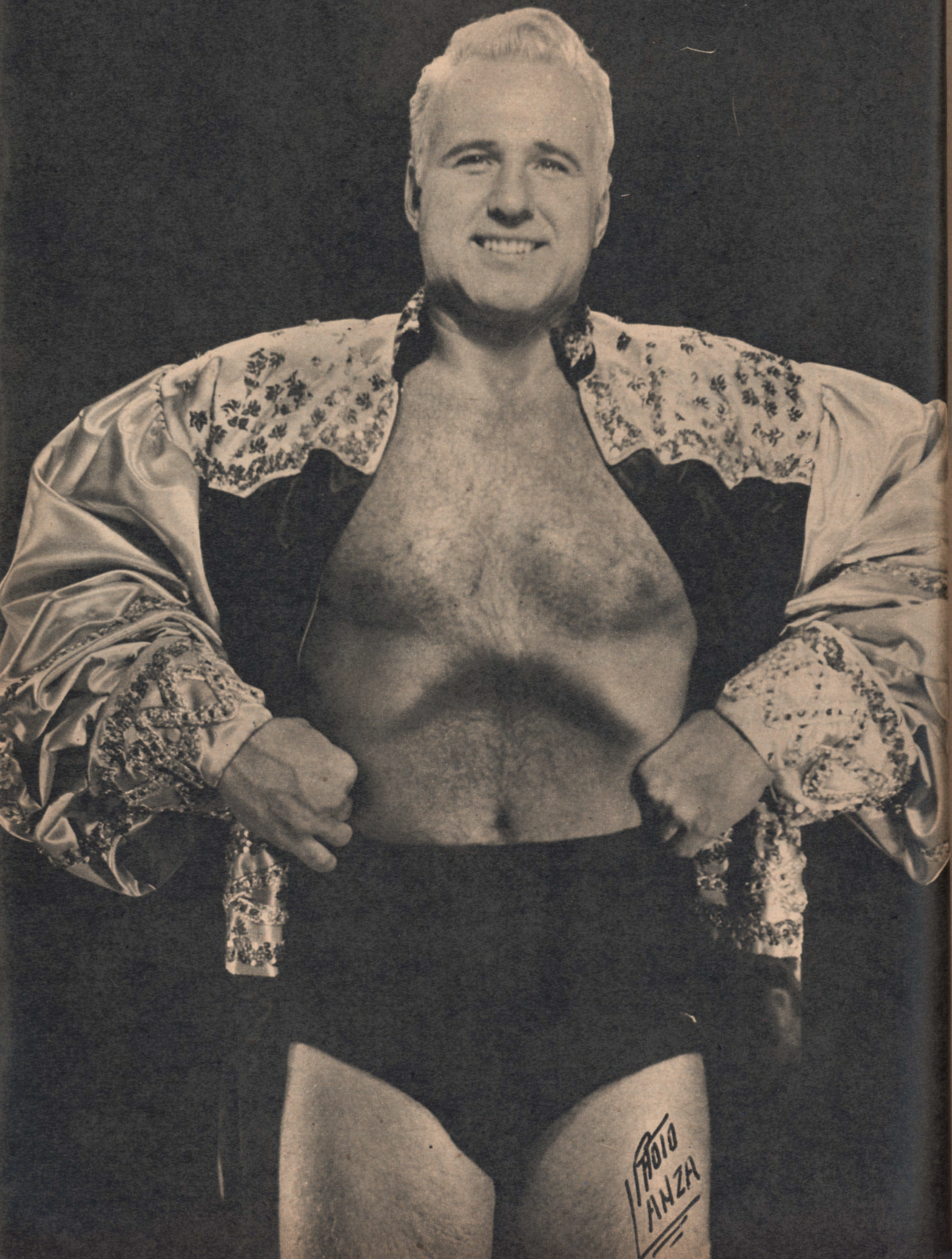
With these two weapons in his armory Blackie can afford to disregard weight advantages because neither hold requires him to be stronger than his opponent. So no matter how big they come they are liable to fall when they meet Black Guzman . . . and they generally fall hard.

• • •



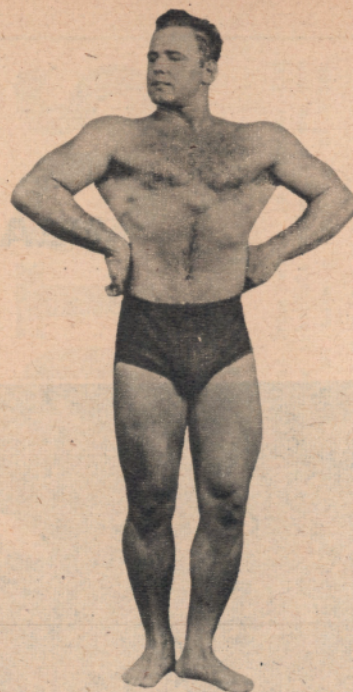
At the Convention, prominent promoters thought so well of the Clubs, their Presidents and members of their staffs, that many traveled thousands of miles to attend. They included Fred Kohler, Chicago; Sam Muchnick, St. Louis; Eddie Quinn, Montreal, Canada; Frank Tunney, Toronto, Canada; Johnny Doyle, New York; Jules Strongbow, Los Angeles, California; and Buddy Lee, Columbia, S. C.

The next Convention of Fans Clubs will again be held in June 1958, most likely in Buffalo, although many other cities have sent in bids for the big gathering. Atlanta, Ga., Dallas, Texas, Houston, Texas, Minneapolis, Minn., New York City, St. Louis, Mo. and Washington, D.C. all are bidding for the convention. (Continued on page 67)



THE EVOLUTION OF

Steve Stanlee



HE STARTED HIS CAREER IN THE LATE 1940'S AS A CLUMSY MISFIT WITH NOTHING BUT HIS MAGNIFICENT BODY TO SELL TO THE PUBLIC. BUT NOW STEVE STANLEE IS ONE OF THE BEST WORKERS IN THE BUSINESS.

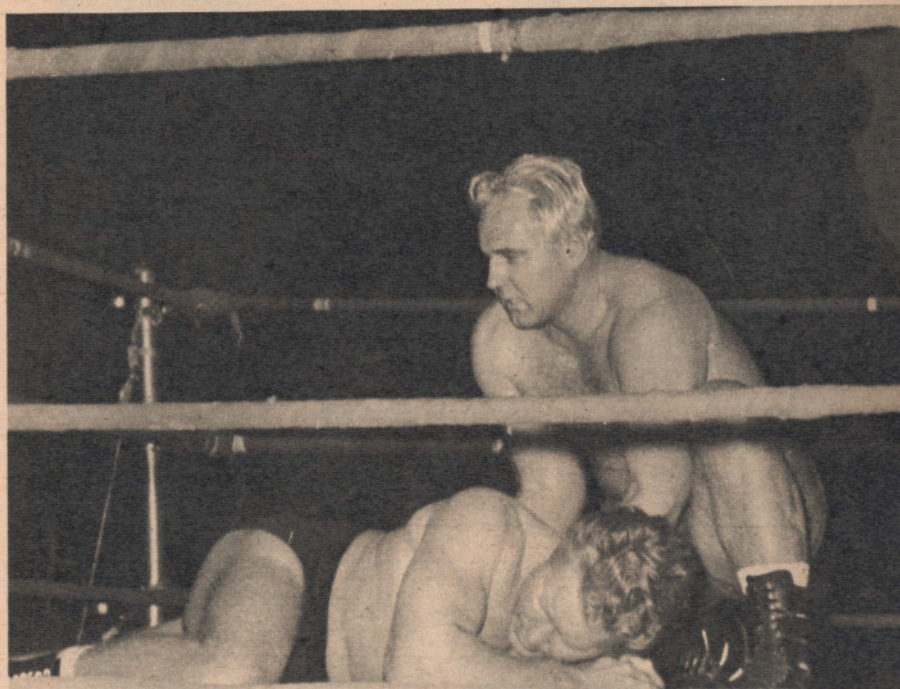
By ARTHUR F. GAY

ARE you a rabid wrestling fan?

I am, although I don't get to as many wrestling matches as I would like to . . . due to being busy running a Physical Culture School, and having many American Legion activities, AAU weight lifting meets, and other social obligations to occupy my time.

Steve Stanlee, the man with the statuesque physique, if I ever saw one . . . the big handsome guy who is known as the "Mr. America" of wrestling . . . the one of the few "good guys" of the wrestling world, who was born in Chicago on February 29, 1924, has always been a favorite of mine. And one night not so long ago, when Steve was 'rastlin' here in Rochester, I went to the Sports Arena to see him do his stuff. You see, Pedro Martinez, the local promoter, is a good friend of mine . . . has been up to my gym, works out with weights himself and that sort of thing, so we have some ideas in common . . . and so he lets me go "behind the scenes" and see and talk with the wrestlers any time I care to.

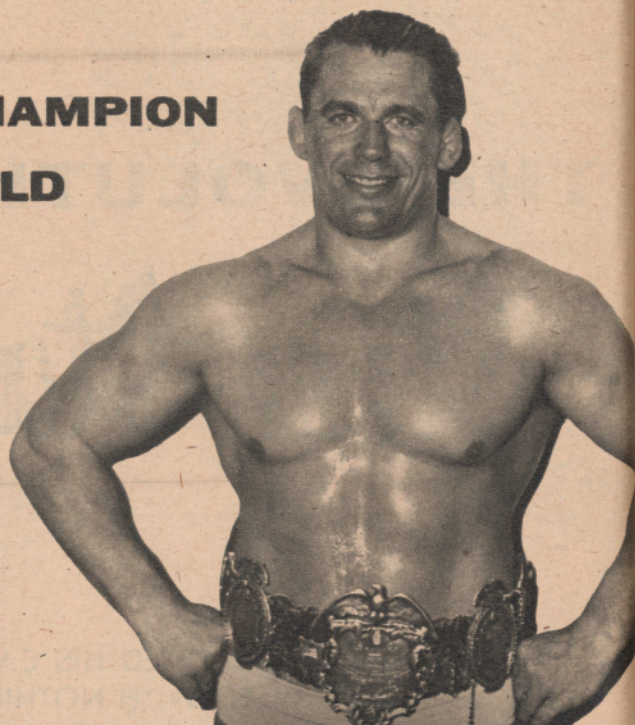
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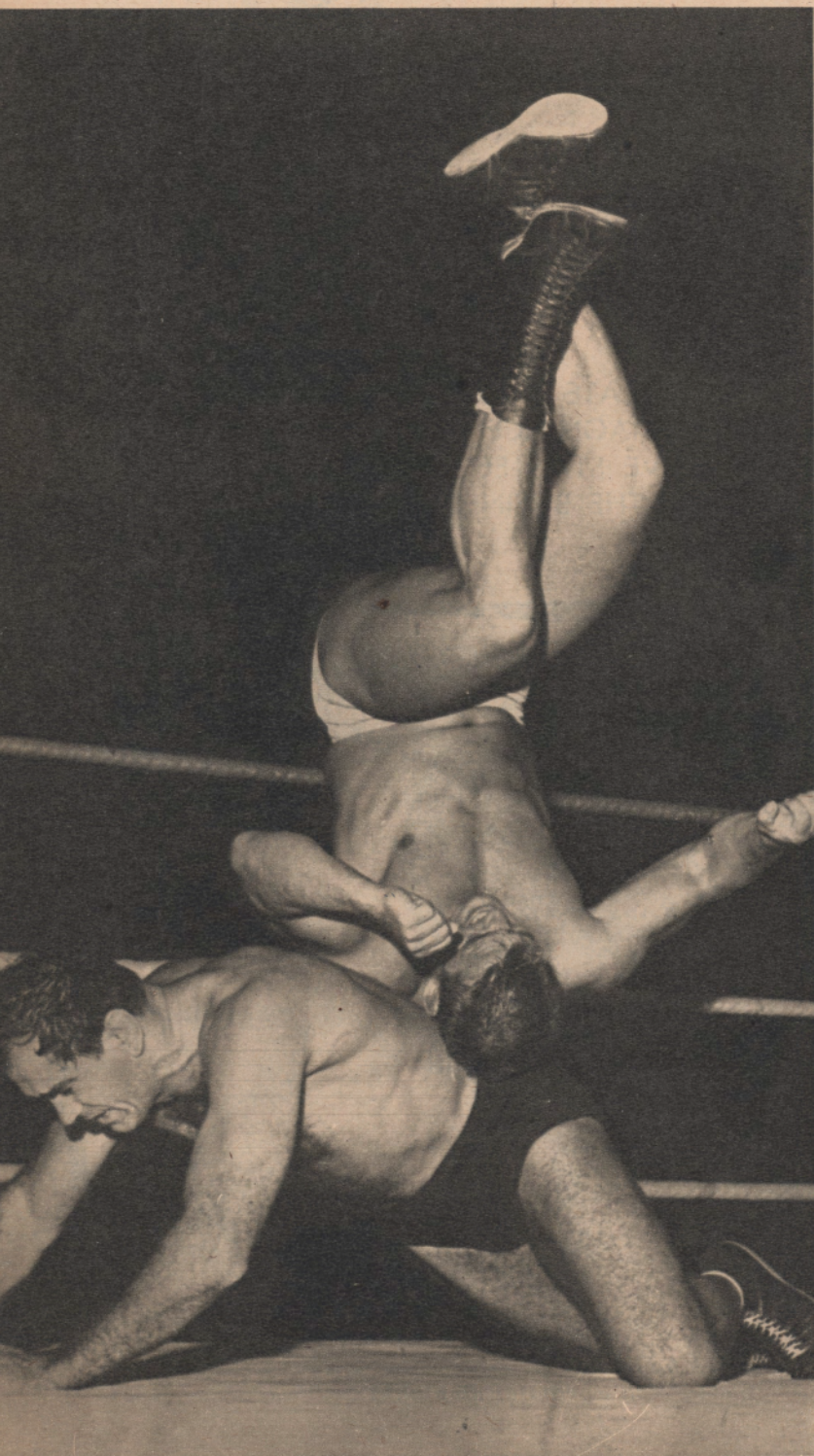
Match between Kenny Ackles, down, and Steve was won by Stanlee with a series of drop kicks and body slams . . .

Compare the picture of Stanlee as he appears today, with the one at top right showing Steve 15 yrs. ago.

**THE NEW
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION
OF THE WORLD**



**EDOUARD
CARPENTIER**



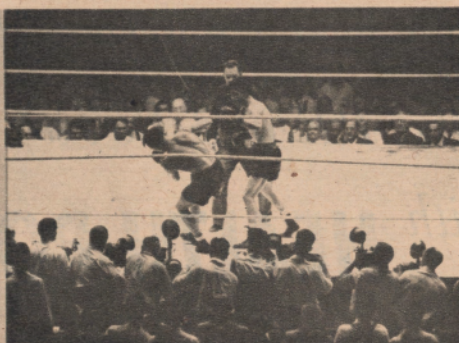
BEFORE a capacity house in Chicago last June, a muscular ex-gymnast from France scored an amazing upset when he defeated wrestling's perennial champion, Lou Thesz. Edouard Carpentier, 26-years old native of Roannes, France finds himself now firmly seated on the plush throne and in position to become one of the most sensational champions in mat history.

The new king is not a big man as wrestlers go. He stands only 5 feet 9½ inches tall and weighs-in at a trim 220 pounds. ●

Waneing champion Lou Thesz, on hands and knees, is exhausted and apparently at a loss what to do as his bouncing young opponent, Carpentier, uses his dazzling array of flips and dips. Match was held in Chicago.

BLOODBATH IN CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 29)



Arcel nodded but didn't speak. "Do you think the referee made a mistake in stopping it?"

"That's not for me to say," Arcel said. "I talk only for the corner. But I wasn't sorry to see it over."

The door of the inner room swung open and Winch and Zale came out, Zale leaning his weight on Winch's shoulder. Winch tried to quicken the pace, and smile, trying to cheer Zale. But Tony's flat face was expressionless and there was pain in his eyes. Save for a slight swollenness around his eyes, there was no sign of the brutal beating he had taken. But the eyes were that of a man who had lost the most precious thing in life.

This was the aftermath of an epic struggle. The kind of a battle that can satisfy a fight fan's enormous appetite for brutality for years and years and make him forget the weekly diet of boring television matches poured into his living room. This was the second fight between Tony Zale of Gary, Indiana and Rocky Graziano of New York. A middleweight championship fight, as was the whole of their unforgettable series. This bloodbath in Chicago, the stifling evening of July 16, 1947, was not a prize fight between two civilized men. It was a fight to the "death" between a couple of wildmen—raving maniacs.

Graziano admitted: "I wanted to kill him. I had nothing against that guy, but I wanted to kill him. He couldn't hurt me with a hammer. I didn't feel the heat. I didn't hear any bells. All I saw was a guy standing in front of me, swinging his arms and the mob yelling out front."

When he stumbled back to his corner at the end of the third round, Graziano was cut and bleeding around his left eye, and his right eye was puffed up like a melon and closing rapidly. Zale had been slashing and hammering at him until it looked as if he couldn't stand it any longer. As in their first fight, Tony Zale was calling his shots and driving them home with crushing impact. What kept Graziano on his feet? Everybody in the crowd of almost nineteen thousand jammed into every nook and corner of the vast Stadium wondered how long Rocky could take it and still live.

But in the fourth round, with the heat growing more intense, Zale started to slow down. Once in a while he'd snap back with a sudden burst, as he did in the fifth round when he landed a terrific right under the heart that bent Rocky in half near his own corner . . . but Graziano pulled out of it and staggered away, out of the death trap. That seemed to be Zale's final load. Graziano

stormed back at him, hammering at him again and again to win the round.

Ray Arcel poured something down Zale's throat between rounds that snapped him back to life and when he went out for the sixth he had, temporarily, new strength. He took the advantage with three hooks to the head and now he had Rocky against the ropes, not hurt, but pinned there like a picture on a wall. Then, out of nowhere, Graziano threw a right that caught Tony alongside the head and drove him back across the ring. Graziano ran toward him, straining to see through the blood that streamed down his face. He hit him again and again and Tony's arms slowly slipped down by his sides. He couldn't get his hands up to protect himself and Graziano, uncontrollably "insane" now, swung wildly to bring him down. Zale reeled pathetically toward the protection of his corner but Graziano smacked him again. Tony twisted to his left, but there wasn't room, he lost his footing and slipped headlong out of the ring, landing with his hands resting on the press row and his head dangling down like that of a broken doll.

Graziano, a wild man now, tried to slug him in the back of the head. But he couldn't reach him, so he tried to drag him back into the ring where he could reach him.

A prize fight, this? You couldn't call it that, honestly. It was rather a ruthless example of man's brutality and inhumanity toward his fellow man.

As Zale was about to be dragged back by Rocky, referee Johnny Behr stepped in front of the snarling Graziano and yelled, "Get to your corner!"

The end had come so abruptly that there were those, even in the press row, who didn't understand what had just happened. They yelled at the referee asking who had won. Was he saving Zale or disqualifying Graziano? Art Winch and Ray Arcel rushed to Zale's aid and carried him back to the corner. Graziano, his breath sounding like a steam locomotive, his eyes glaring wildly, walked back and forth frowning and spitting wads of gore on the already blood-drench canvas floor covering. Suddenly a voice rang from his corner: "You did it, Rock, You old son of a . . . , you did it!"

When he heard those words he stopped walking. His face split into a grin and he began to run around, jump into the air, laugh and shake his head as if trying to convince himself it wasn't all a dream.

Somebody at the ringside looked at him and joined in the laughter. "Look at him," the man said. "Look at Rocky. He just now realized that he is the champion."

• • •

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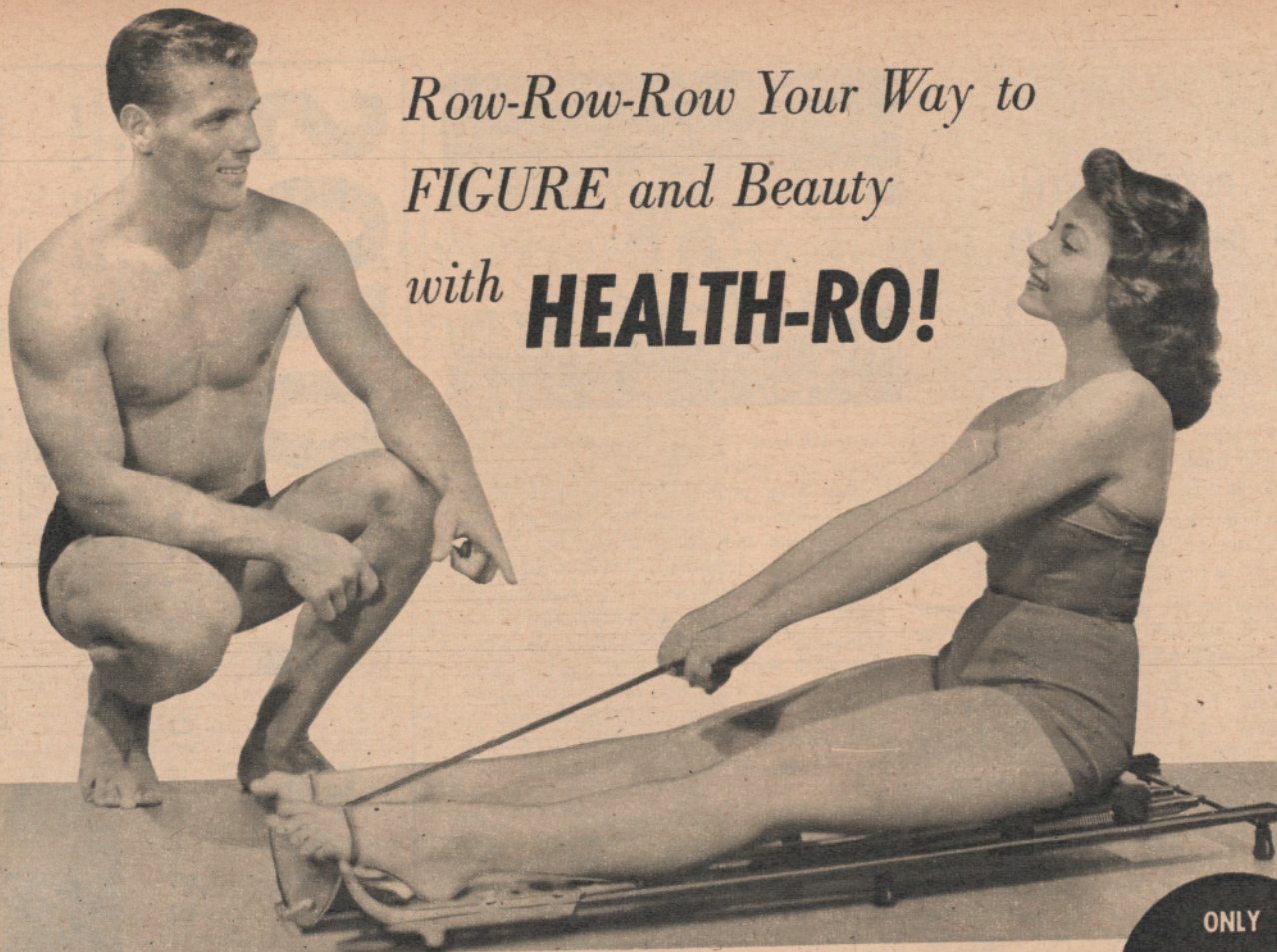
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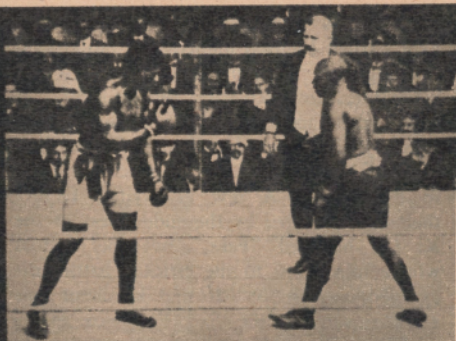
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THE EXTRAORDINARY MR. LANGFORD

(Continued from page 25)



must have been able to hurl the four-pound coconut!"

Lady Constance, a beautiful Scottish noble woman, was quite an athlete in her own right. Three times she won the women's swimming championship of England, she rode to the hounds, hunted big game and played polo with men experts.

She had given New York and London more thrills than any other woman in the United Kingdom, shocking the guests by dancing barefoot at one of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s exclusive soirees, and again at the ultra-social Mrs. James A. Burden's gilt-edged party. So, it was no surprise to London society when she appeared in a ringside seat at the Langsford-Lang fight. She not only appeared in person, but brought a dozen other society gals with her.

Lady Constance was there to root for Lang, a big, handsome heavyweight to whom she sent a Japanese good luck charm, the morning of the fight. But the charm proved useless against Langford, who won when Lang fouled out in the sixth round.

After the fight Lady Constance proved herself no mean fight expert when she said: "It was delightfully exciting while it lasted, but the finish was decidedly disappointing to me. I don't believe Lang fouled intentionally. He was so dazed he didn't know what he was doing. He's a plucky chap and took a terrific beating. Langford is a magnificent boxer. The hard blows he got didn't seem to bother him at all. I wish it had gone to a finish, though Lang certainly couldn't have lasted much longer."

A year and a half before the Lang-Langford fight, English sportsmen believed they had a potential champ in Ian "Iron" Hague, a great hulk of a man, agile, strong and built for fighting. He knocked out so many opponents they decided to send him after Jeffries, who had retired four years before, but deemed it good strategy to import some Yankee boxers first for Ian to practice on. They made the mistake of sending for Langford.

Before the bout on May 24, 1909, there was a wrangle over the referee, which Tham ended with his famous remark: "Neber min' bout de referee, Ah carries mah own referee wif me," and he held up his gloved fists.

Brave as a lion, Hague stepped confidently out at the bell and banged Samuel to the canvas. "Wot's 'is referee goinna do now?" chirped a cockney from the gallery. His question was answered in the ensuing rounds. Ol' Sam rose and sent his "referees" into action. His terrific blows battered the Englishman badly and in the fourth round the right one pounced on Hague's chin and put him away for keeps.

About this time a new fistic star had reached its zenith in Stanley Ketchel, middleweight champion, and there was growing public clamor for a match with Langford. A few months after Sam's return from the Hague slaughter, Ketchel had dropped Jack Johnson in the 12th round of their fight in Colma, Calif. This feat brought the Ketchel-Langford match to a head and they met at Philadelphia in a six-round no-decision bout. It proved a disappointing affair. Ketchel hardly trained for it and it was apparent Langford was saving "Steve" for a future killing.

But Sam was doomed to disappointment. Stanley Ketchel was shot and killed by Walter A. Dibley on a friend's ranch at Conway, Mo., October 15, 1910—and with him died the return match.

Born in Weymouth, Nova Scotia, in 1880—according to the record books—Sam had run away from home in his early teens because his father, "Big Bob" Langford, a lumberjack, "used to beat him every day."

Young Sam worked at lumberjacking in Lincoln, N. H. for a while, then travelled to Boston, where he got a job in a brickyard. It was in the Hub City that he began his fighting career and gained his *nom de guerre*, "Boston Tar Baby."

His first fights of record—and the earliest he recalls—were fought in January of 1902. They were three-round affairs—with Jack McVicker twice and William McDonald once. He won them all. He then fought McVickers a third time, knocking him out in six rounds.

For the McDonald fight he received a gold watch, which he hocked for \$17.

There were 26 or more bouts (as nearly as Sam can recall) the following year, mostly at the Lennox A. C. at 30 Hanover Street, in Boston, but they drew little attention to the squat young battler until December, when he won a 15-round decision over the great Joe Gans and followed this two weeks later with a 12-round draw against Jack Blackburn, a fine fighter later to gain modern recognition as the trainer of Joe Louis.

Winning campaigns followed in 1904, marked by a two-round K.O. of George "Elbows" McFadden and draws with Joe Walcott, the original "Giant Killer," Dave Holly and Blackburn. In 1905 Sam had 14 battles, including tussles with George Gunther, Young Peter Jackson, Joe Jeannette and, of course, Jack Washburn.

Then came the memorable bout with Jack Johnson, in Chelsea, Mass., on April 26, 1906.

Langford had begun that year's activities by knocking out tough Larry Temple in 15

rounds, then flattening Black Fitzsimmons a couple of weeks after. Two weeks later he defeated Joe Jeannette in 15 and a scant three weeks later climbed into the ring with the superb Jack Johnson.

"Lil Arthur" stood well over six feet, weighed 194 pounds, was the veteran of ring battles with all the best heavyweights of his time and was destined to win the heavyweight title from Tommy Burns two years later. He towered over Langford, whom he outweighed by nearly 50 pounds.

The battle was one never to be forgotten—and it never was by Johnson. It went the 15 scheduled rounds and Johnson was declared the winner, although there appeared little to choose between them at the finish. There were many who thought a draw would have been a fair decision.

Win, lose or draw, thereafter Jack Johnson wanted no part of Sam Langford. Sam proceeded to annoy Lil' Arthur with challenges. Johnson was keenly resentful when there was a crowd around and Sam would openly invite him to "fight on the spot or any other spot, for any sum or jes' for the fun of it."

Johnson's resentment, however, never waxed strong enough to overcome his caution to the extent of impelling him to accept Sam's challenge. No doubt Johnson feared he might miss or his punch might lack sufficient lethal power to stop Langford. But Jack knew that Sam wouldn't miss, and his punch would have plenty of lethal power.

In those Langford loved to fight and they said of him, "He just took 'em on for exercise."

During his middle years as a prize fighter, he could call the turn on any opponent any time he wanted to, and many a tale is told attesting that fact. But such was his prowess and so feared his wallop, that it frequently was necessary for him to "do business" in order to obtain fights.

In his heyday there was some discrimination against a Negro fighting a white man, so competition was pretty much confined to Negro against Negro. This resulted in the same men meeting each other more often than might have been the case if competition was "open" as it is today. Hence we find in Langford's record that he fought Sam McVey 14 times, Joe Jeannette 13 times and Harry Wills 15 times. While these contests fluctuated nicely, Langford showed his mastery by knocking his opponents stiff when they were levelling.

There was the time, for instance, when Sam fought Fireman Jim Flynn for Sam Berger in San Francisco, Dec. 21, 1908. When his manager, Joe Woodman, told Langford he was to get only \$700 for the bout, while Flynn was getting \$2,500, the Boston Tar Baby was peeved. There had been no "gentleman's agreement"—it being the first meeting with Flynn—so when the promoter visited Sam's dressing room and begged "make it just a nice fight, won't you, Sam?" the answer was:

"He's gittin' \$2,500. Ah'm gittin' seben hunnert. Mistah Berger, dis gwine be de shortest fight you eber did see!"

It was. Ol' Tham exploded "Iron Mike" on Flynn's chin as he came out of his corner, then turned and climbed out of the ring. He knew without looking that the

Fireman would be out for a long time.

Oldtimers never cease recalling the time Langford was fighting clever Kid Norfolk Dec. 17, 1917, in Denver. Langford's co-managers, Woodman and George Lawrence, were anxious to catch a train back east to keep a pre-Christmas date, but it seemed a cinch they'd miss connections if the bout went the distance. At the end of the first round they confided their anxiety to their tiger.

"Das allright," comforted Samuel, "doan' you worry—you'll make it."

When the gong sounded for the second round, Tham advanced briskly toward the center of the ring with right paw extended to shake hands. The surprised Norfolk ejaculated: "Why, Mistah Langford, DIS ain' de las' roun'!"

"Yes 'tis," said Sam tersely, "'tis fo' you!" And the next instant a left hook sprawled the Keed flatter than an ink blot on the canvas—and Langford, Woodman and Lawrence made their train with minutes to spare.

Over the years the tale has been repeated with many variations as to time, place and opponent, any of which Sam Langford could have made true if occasion required.

I recall sitting at the ringside with Joe Braun, New York theatrical man and later a prosperous restaurateur in that city, when Langford met John Lester Johnson, the mammoth Negro heavyweight who later smashed three of Jack Dempsey's ribs, forcing the Manassa Mauler into temporary retirement. Sam's bout with Johnson was held in

a New York club, Sept. 9, 1913. When the fight started, Johnson immediately ran around the ring with Langford in pursuit.

On the third circulation Sam suddenly cut catty-corner across the ring catching John Lester J. in a neutral corner, pole-axed him for a full count with a terrific left hook to the button. A few galleryites, feeling themselves cheated by the suddenness of the K. O., hollered "Fake," but the doctors who administered to the stricken battler diagnosed as follows: "If that knockout was a fake, so was the San Francisco earthquake!"

Langford spent his money as fast as he made it and he had a weakness for jewelry. There was an affluent time when he was bedecked like a Tiffany showcase, with huge diamond horse-shoe pins, ornate diamond watch fob, and rings, etc., whose stones could be weighed in ounces instead of carats.

One day, while riding on a train with Woodman and Lawrence, Sam happened to sit beside a gentle looking white man, who, recognizing the fabulous fighter, engaged him in affable conversation. When they left the train, Langford remarked to Woodman: "My, that was a fine white gentleman. Wonder who he was!"

"That", replied the pontifical Woodman, "was J. P. Morgan, the richest man in the world."

"Migawd!" exclaimed Langford, "de riches' man in the world—an' he didden even have a single di'mon' on him!"

Soon after Tham disposed of his glittering trappings, and never sported a diamond again.

It was in 1917, in a fight with Fred

Fulton at Boston, June 19, that Langford received an injury to his left eye which forced him to quit in the seventh round. The eye grew worse and in 1918 Sam Langford lost complete sight in that eye. Still he fought on, winning epic battles. But gradually the right eye was affected by a cataract, and the grand old warrior fought his 1st few fights in almost total darkness. Despite this, he managed to beat one Andreas Balas in Mexico City, thus gaining the Spanish heavyweight title, which proved no bonanza. That was on April 23, 1923. He next knocked out Jim Tracy there in four rounds, was stopped by Clem Johnson in 13, and on Oct. 19 of that year, again knocked out Fireman Jim Flynn, this time in three rounds.

Old Tham in later years recalled "the kid's last fight":

"It was on May 24, 1924," he reminisced, "in Venice, California, against a guy named Eddie Trimby. I fought him by ear and had him licked for three rounds, but when I dropped him in the fourth I couldn't see where he'd fallen. Sam Hall, sports editor of a Los Angeles paper, yelled to the referee and they stopped the fight. It was the first time they caught on that I couldn't see anything a-tall!"

They ran a few benefits for Old Tham after that, and a kind hearted surgeon specialist, Dr. James W. Smith, performed a miracle operation free of charge, that restored sight to Sam's right eye. But he couldn't last forever, and advancing old age gradually stole the light again from him forever.

HOW GOOD IS ROY HARRIS

(Continued from Page 27)



have come to idolize. But he beat Pastrano too—beat him fair and square and not even Willie squawked about the decision. True, Willie is a stick and run guy, but a very good one, and he hadn't lost a fight in years.

The only thing doubtful about Harris is his college education. That in itself is enough to disqualify him in the minds of the hard core critics. They still can't get the bitter taste of Chuck Davey and Chuck Speiser out of their mouths. Not only is Harris a college graduate (Sam Houston State Teachers College at Huntsville, Texas) but he teaches grade school in Cut and Shoot. That was his grade school, where he prepared to enter high school in Conroe. Conroe, you see, is the nearest "big" town to Cut and Shoot, a few miles down the road.

They're very proud of Roy down in Conroe. Only recently the Conroe Daily Courier ran a piece about him on the front page. The story went:

"It's nice to live in a community like this with its surrounding towns and communities where every one is glad for a mem-

ber of their society to make good... Another thing we noticed last night (when he fought Pastrano) after the fight was the way Roy acted. He was humble and kind, he signed autographs and shook hands, he didn't act as other fighters have before him, prance around the ring and have the expression on his face 'Look what I did.' No, instead of that he took the position that 'we,'—he himself, his father, manager and hundreds of friends throughout the Gulf Coast area, had a part in the big victory.

"An attitude like this is seldom found, but Montgomery County and Texas may well be proud of the fact that they have such a man as Roy Harris. Best of luck in the future, Roy."

If you take any stock in amateur records, you would go along with Harris. Beginning at the age of fourteen as a bantamweight, nine years ago, he won as he grew and carried off the Texas and Southern AAU championships and four consecutive State Golden Gloves titles as a middleweight, light

heavyweight and heavyweight.

As a professional, Roy has had only twenty fights, but he's won all of them, eight by knockout. What are his strongest assets? One of Bob Baker's seconds who was on hand for his fighter's defeat, said: "Harris isn't much of a puncher. But he doesn't scare, he's got plenty of guts and you've got to kill him to keep him off."

In the Pastrano fight, Roy suffered severe facial wounds from Willie's piston-like jabs and bobbing head. He came out for the eighth round with his face patched together with tape and ran in a series of jabs that started the blood gushing again. It was so bad that ringside spectators were spattered with drops of red. Roy survived those cutting jabs throughout the bout, but he carried the fight to Pastrano and won because he did most of the fighting.

In Houston, where they fought, the gross gate was better than \$48,000 and the arena was completely sold out. It was a record gate for a prize fight in Texas and the only man who is going to better that record is Roy Harris.

Harris and Pastrano are going to fight again very soon, this time in Miami, where Willie makes his home. According to Angelo Dundee, who trains, manages and seconds Pastrano, his tiger will tear "that Cut and Shoot bozo to pieces when they fight again."

Well, maybe he will, and maybe he won't. Harris certainly must have something to go with his college education—damned if I can name a guy who has yet to lick him.



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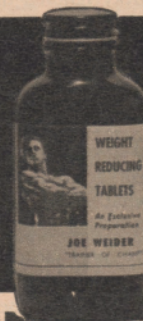
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THE TIGER AND THE CUB

(Continued from page 19)



sizable crowd around the ring but nobody was in it.

The young man moved slowly through the swirling pattern of colorful lights, sounds and smells. Behind him, Max followed like the bobbing tail of a kite. They halted on the edge of the crowd.

A large fleshy man emerged from a nearby tent and climbed nimbly into the ring. While the barker continued to dare all comers to join him there, Tiger Jack Moran lounged in one corner. A look of infinite weariness and boredom was lost in the broken craggy features that made a caricature of his face. Even more hidden were the dying traces of a pride that must once have been a driving force. He eyed the upturned faces of the crowd as though they and not he, were on exhibit.

For five minutes the barker urged and cajoled. The crowd tittered, the young men daring one another to "go pick up an easy fifty", the girls self-consciously holding them back. As if they had to.

The one called Nicky suddenly took off his trench coat. "Hold this," he said to Max, and started moving forward through the crowd.

Max looked the way a man looks who has just received a .45 slug in the brain. The dead cigar dropped from his gaping mouth and his eyes rolled upward. "Nicky," he almost screamed, "you don't mean this. Come back!" He pawed at the young man's arm as they neared the ring. Nicky ignored him.

"Nicky—"Max kept his voice low but could not hide the agony in it. "Nicky, you got a title fight comin' up next month—you're practically light-heavy champ! Don't do this t'me, Nicky!" Sweat, as though released from a thousand tiny spigots, poured down his face. "You got a grudge against this bum, Nicky? So what if he gets in a lucky punch and—?"

Nicky was handing his sport jacket to the grinning barker. He started taking off his shirt. Max knew his protests were useless—as usual. He regarded Nicky like a father bailing his son out of night court. Sometimes he just didn't understand this fighter of his, even after two years. Only 24, and a sure bet for the title, Nicky wasn't like any other pug Max had ever handled. In the middle of a road run, he would veer off to get a glimpse of a bird screeching in the woods—or stop to carry a creeping turtle off the highway. Once Max had found him reading a book! The little man would have sold the bum long ago, if he didn't happen to be the best light-heavy in history. And if Max didn't love him like he would his own kid.

"Nicky," he shouted in a last flurry of

desperation, "—you let this bum hurt you and I swear t'God, we're through! I—"

Nicky jumped up onto the apron and ducked expertly between the ropes.

Tiger Jack Moran idly watched the kid enter the circle. Another ringer, he mused with almost complete lack of interest—a local amateur punk who'd won a few and wanted to show his worshippers how great he was . . . Looked strong, though, and fast. Better get him out of there in a hurry. He had to.

Because the last two punks had got him out there. Callahan had said one more this month and he was washed up. Callahan was a decent guy but you couldn't expect him to fork over fifty bucks every couple of days—besides what he was paying the Tiger through the ropes before he left his corner.

... Yeah, he'd slug this punk right back

The old fighter's eyes narrowed. Callahan had announced the kid as "John Smith"—and hardly anybody had cheered. So he wasn't local and he'd given a fake monicker. That could mean almost any damn thing. More than likely it meant trouble . . . The Tiger, in the center of the ring for "instructions", peered at the kid closely through failing eyes. The thick scar tissue over his brows showed how many hundreds of blows those eyes had taken in more than a quarter-century, how many sweaty gloves had jolted to a halt only a half-inch from the brain.

The kid looked back at him. There was an eager look about him, as though he was straining to help the Tiger remember.

But for over five years now he'd been growing sort of dim in the thinking department. A big lumberpack up north, two years ago, had all but put the lights out for good. After a week in the hospital the Tiger had come alive again. He had felt okay but his memory was gone—and there wasn't much left of his eyes either.

Dimly, he heard the sharp clang of the bell. Like a machine whose cogs are pre-set to follow a given pattern, he moved forward swiftly in the crouch that, a generation ago, had made him famous. The same crouch that for thirteen rounds had once confused the light-heavy champ of the world.

They met exactly in the center of the ring. Each threw a flickering, exploring left jab. Each blocked it neatly and sprang away.

The single blow, together with the kid's stance and approach, told the Tiger that here was no amateur punk. Here was a real pro. And something told him that he was about to lose his job. The last job he would ever hold. Why, he wondered, was the kid doing it? A guy he'd never seen before—why did he want to do a thing like this to him? He tried desperately to break through the fog that fell over all the yesterdays.

The Tiger threw his left shoulder up, arm cocked, as though shrugging off a tarantula; then he feinted with his right and lashed out with the left. A punch that had been his pet—and few had ever stopped it.

The kid stopped it. His mocking smile broadened at the Tiger's look of surprise—then he came back with a short left hook that parried the old fighter, made him blink.

There was something mighty funny about this deal, about this kid. But to make sure—He bobbed and weaved, backed off, feinted with his left, then—the switch! With lightning speed, Moran swung forward a full stride, jabbed with his right hand and was instantaneously a southpaw. The kid blocked the right, and as the Tiger threw a murderous left cross, he ducked under it as though he were expecting it. He countered with an off-balance right uppercut that knocked the Tiger staggering. The old man back-pedaled, licking his lips.

The kid *had* expected the switch, had known what to do about it! The old man—closer to fifty than he dared admit to himself—was panting hard, and not merely from loss of breath. A strange, almost superstitious, fear took his wind away and made his mouth dry. For that crouch, the fists cocked close to his chin, the upward surge of the shoulder that followed each jab—yes, even to the mocking leer that made you so mad, made you lose your head—it was all the same. It was as though he were fighting *himself* as he was twenty-five years ago.

He shook his head, but the yesterday's remained lost. Only a single minute counted, the minute that was *now*, and which was only half over . . . Somewhere, somehow, this boy had learned his style and now had come to how him up, to laugh at him . . . Maybe Solly, his old trainer, had picked the punk up and—But no, Solly had died when this one was in knee pants . . . Maybe he belonged to somebody the Tiger had licked long ago. Imagine, a grudge carried over from father to son—!

The kid bored in with those furious straight lefts and rights that he himself had used so often to confound an opponent and drive him reeling into the ropes. The old man threw both elbows up and made a solid barrier against the flurry, saving his strength. Let the other tire himself. The onslaught ended and the Tiger smashed out at once with twin hooks to the head and heart. *That* took the wind out of the beggar's sails! Joyously, he pressed ahead, an ungainly anachronism that gathered a lifetime of greatness to crowd it into this slow-moving minute . . . The kid was on the defensive, briefly, yet the twisted leer never went from his handsome face, nor the glinting challenge from his eyes. Masterfully, he blocked, back-pedaled, held on, broke cleanly and fairly.

Admiration swelled up in the Tiger's straining heart and the desperation vanished. Jesus, this boy was a wonder, as cute as he'd been in his prime! John Smith, hell! It no longer mattered who he was, or what he had against Tiger Moran; it was all lost in the surging goodness, the *purity*, of the battle, that had no place for grudges or the petty emotions of men.

Nor did it matter now if he lost. It wouldn't be like stopping a lucky punch

from some dumb stevedore or steel worker. He was being licked by one of the greats. He *knew* . . . God, this was what he had prayed for—that the last fight should be a good one! He could see the end now, as though he himself were in the other's strong young body, guiding the very punches that would crush him . . . As he began to slump, he knew, the kid would appear to get careless, drop his guard.

(*There, he was doing it now!*) The old fighter would push the attack, overconfident, and the kid would sag forward, waiting craftily for the head shots that would come quickly. (*That's it, that's it! but take your time, Kid—don't give it away—!*)

The kid ducked in low. He went for the Tiger's body, a half dozen swift blows, then suddenly he threw a looping right to the jaw. (*Come on, Son, you're doing fine! It's time for the clincher—my specialty—! a left and a right to the guts, then a surprise hook to the head—the set-up for the knockout!*)

The crowd was silent. It sensed, with that strange crowd intelligence that is denied to its individuals, that it was seeing something not meant for it to see. It held its breath as the young one doubled up the old fighter with body punches, then sneaked a hard left up around his shoulder.

(*Now you can count me out, Callahan—but please God—make it for good!*)

The Tiger ducked low under the hook. It whistled over his head, foolishly ruffling his thinning hair. As the kid's left side lay exposed for a split-instant, the old man smashed a six-inch punch into the short ribs. The kid sagged and the Tiger followed up with a right uppercut.

He stood up, finding it hard to breathe. The lights swirled around in his head, crowding his eyes. From a long way off he heard Callahan counting, fast. Somehow he found his corner. He stumbled out of the ring and pushed his way into his tent.

He didn't remember taking his gloves off but his hands were bare when Callahan walked in. He must have been sitting there in front of the dressing table for some time, he thought. Callahan hesitated at the tent flap as though maybe he should have knocked. He threw the Tiger a kind of awed glance, then lowered his eyes. He was carrying a small package.

"That kid you dusted off, 'Callahan said in a low voice, 'he said to give you this. That's all, just to give you this." He handed the package to the Tiger and stood fidgeting, then he walked back to the flap and paused. "I'm taking down the ring tonight. It don't draw enough."

The Tiger broke the string on the package. A small part of his mind accepted the fact that he was out of a job. He didn't care.

Callahan said, "Slade needs a man in the shooting gallery. You can start tomorrow, same pay's you get now. Nice fight, Tiger." He walked away.

From the brown paper the Tiger withdrew five one-hundred dollar bills. He laid them on the dressing table with hardly more than a glance. Gently, he pulled forth from the package the chain of metal plates that formed a wide tarnished belt. His eyes were not good enough to read any but the largest letters in the inscription: *Golden Gloves*. He didn't have to read the rest. He raised his eyes slowly, and the fog went away and the yester-

days were suddenly bright and clear, all of them.

"Nicky," the Tiger said softly, "Nicky."

First of all, he remembered, there was this kid, a bright good-looking kid with eyes that danced and blood on his face because he was getting the hell beat out of him by three punks in the shadow of the old Bowery El. There had been five, only two had lost interest a while back after this kid had slugged them each once. But now he was being swarmed over, and after the Tiger watched it for a little while he grabbed the punks and slammed their bodies together with a sickening thud. They crawled away and the kid thanked him, although he said he probably could have finished it up by himself.

So the Tiger took him home and washed his face and fed him and took him down to the gym where they still remembered, even though he was already half blind and washed up. He carried this kid all the way to the top of the Golden Gloves. It took three years, and then one day the kid said he was going pro, and would the Tiger keep on managing him.

The Tiger said he had been waiting for this day. Then he walked out and he never saw the kid again. All he said to him was that his eyes were going, which was not so bad, but so was his mind. He couldn't remember things and, hell, you got to have all your marbles when you manage a champ. "Because", he told the kid just before he left, "you're going to be champ some day, Nicky."

Now the Tiger fingered the tarnished belt and murmured, "You see, Nicky, I was right. You'll take that bum easy." He wondered vaguely why Nicky had not dumped him tonight. *That crazy kid, taking a dive just to make me feel good—just to bring me back to life!*

He stood up and took a deep breath and began to live again.

The two men climbed back into the Jag. It took them even longer than to get out of it. Max was complaining in a sustained monologue. "Now—" he settled himself in the leather bucket seat and glared straight ahead, righteous indignation in every chubby contour,—"now we go back, a whole hundred miles. Now I hope you're satisfied, and now, Nicky—" his voice rose to a wail,—"will you please *give* before I go nuts?"

Nicky give. It lasted for most of the hundred miles and as they crossed the Harlem River bridge to Manhattan, he finished, "Couple weeks ago a guy told me the Tiger was with the carnival, a damn geek. I thought it would be like medicine, sort of, me climbing into that ring out of nowhere." Nicky shook his head. "He didn't recognize me. I figured I'd spar around awhile, then—maybe it would wake him up—but he made it a fight. And, Christ, what a fight."

Max turned to him, raging. "You goddam sentimental young fool! You take that kind o' chance—! And then, migod, you take a *dive* for the old guy! Aw, Nicky, what am I goin' to do with you?" He blinked his eyes rapidly.

Nicky shook his head again. "That's just it. You see—I didn't take no dive, I fought him all the way. He beat me. That's the best part of it, Max, he beat me."

• • •

EXPLORE

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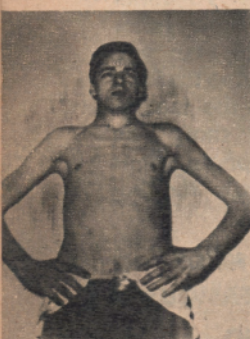
BEFORE:



AFTER:

JULIAN DAME

USED Weider "QUICK-WATE"
Tonic and Appetite Stimu-
lant, along with the Weider
System of Weight Gaining
Exercises and HE GAINED
70 pounds of muscular
bodyweight!



BEFORE:



AFTER:

ANDRE LEPINE

USED Weider Weight Gain-
ing Exercises and Weider
"QUICK-WATE" Tonic and
Appetite Stimulant, and HE
GAINED 70 pounds of he-
man muscle!



BEFORE:



AFTER:

LEO PAUL THERRIEN

USED Weider "QUICK-WATE"
Tonic and Appetite Stimu-
lant, along with the Weider
System of Weight Gaining
Exercises and HE GAINED
65 pounds of bodyweight!

Note: The above represents what may be accomplished by a thin person who takes "QUICK-WATE" Tonic and who follows Weider Weight Gaining Exercises over a period of time. You may gain weight, more or less, according to your responsiveness to the Weider Weight Gaining Plan and how carefully you follow instructions; BUT—you must be completely satisfied with your gains; you must put on pounds and pounds of healthy bodyweight or we will refund ever cent you paid for the Tonic and Course.

The sensational Weider "QUICK-WATE"
Tonic and Appetite Stimulant, combined with
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Body-building Course, given with each bot-
tle of Tonic is breaking all records for fast
and sure bodyweight increase.

THIS IS WHY YOU CAN'T GAIN WEIGHT

Unless your underweight is due to functional cause, it can very often be traced to a 'lazy appetite'. Such a condition can produce a cycle of physically weakening events which can keep you thin unless this dangerous cycle is broken. Food is often eaten without relish. It may not be properly digested which can lead to poor blood and weakening iron deficiency anemia. Resistance to disease is lowered and many thin persons are nervous, irritable, find it difficult to obtain refreshing sleep. This inevitably results in a generally run-down condition in which the individual tires easily and finds it impossible to engage in healthful exercise which could help him to gain weight. In this way, with wholesome nourishment, healthful exercise and sound rest all denied him, the underweight person remains thin, UNLESS something is done to SMASH this skinny cycle.

NOW—HERE IS HOW YOU CAN GAIN WEIGHT

Regardless how thin you are, if you are otherwise in normal good health, you can quickly break the underweight cycle! All you need do is to take pleasant tasting Weider "QUICK-WATE" Tonic and Appetite Stimulant and follow the "QUICK-WATE" exercises, diet, rules for gaining weight included in the course which comes with each bottle, AND YOU CAN START GAINING WEIGHT FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY:—because . . . 1—the healthful Tonic peps up your 'lazy appetite'; starts encouraging you to eat more. It makes you want and helps you to enjoy the extra calories you need daily to gain weight. 2—the vitamins and iron contained in the Tonic, help to build rich blood and to overcome iron deficiency anemia, when it exists. They also aid in building up resistance against deficiency ills and give you more pep and energy for healthful bodybuilding exercise. 3—the course of instructions explains the best weight gaining exercises you are to follow while taking the Tonic to stimulate body growth and to help improve your health. In this way, the dangerous underweight cycle is quickly broken:—you eat better; enjoy food more! The exercises help to develop big muscles, stimulate digestion, build strength and to promote sounder sleep. Soon, you have even more pep and energy for your bodybuilding program. Then, this in turn, further increases your desire for nourishing food and the extra calories which help you to gain weight! Almost before you know it, you've packed on pounds and inches of attractive form. Gaining weight, following this foolproof Weider Plan, is really that simple! Thousands of satisfied customers attest to the reliability of this sure and FAST method. It's UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED to work for you, provided that your underweight is not due to medical cause, or your money will be refunded in full!

ORDER TODAY... SAY GOOD

COMPLETELY NEW! CHERRY . . . BANANA . . . RASPBERRY
"QUICK-WATE" NOW COMES IN THE ABOVE
 3 DELICIOUS FLAVORS. Tastes like a Sunripened, Nature-Fresh fruit drink that will add greater variety and zest and encourage you to gain those muscular pounds the easy Quick-Wate way at no extra cost!

WEIGHT GAINING NEWS EVER!

YOU CAN ACTUALLY START GAINING WEIGHT FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY

READ WHAT THE CHAMPIONS SAY

LEO ROBERT, MR. UNIVERSE:—

"Before competing in the Mr. Universe Contest, I knew I was in for a tough fight to win. I wanted to add 5 more pounds of bodyweight and had only one week to reach that goal. I took Weider "QUICK-WATE" and followed Weider Weight Gaining Exercises, which helped me to gain that weight in 6 short days. I won the big contest and give full credit to Weider."



MICKEY HARGITAY, MR. UNIVERSE:—

"As a member of the Mae West Show, I am on the road a lot and can't train as often or as hard as I'd like to. However, by using Weider "QUICK-WATE" Tonic and Appetite Stimulant, and following Weider Weight Gaining Exercises a few times a week, I find that I can maintain my 225 pound bodyweight and remain in perfect physical shape."



CLARENCE ROSS, MR. U.S.A.:—

"I have found Weider "QUICK-WATE" Tonic and Appetite Stimulant invaluable to help me gain weight FAST! I used it several times when stuck in my training and was unable to add extra pounds. On each occasion I gained without any trouble at all."

JERRY ROSS, MR. CALIFORNIA:—

"I give full credit to Weider "QUICK-WATE" Tonic and Appetite Stimulant, combined with Weider Weight Gaining Exercises for helping me to reach my heaviest bodyweight and most muscular condition to win the title of Mr. California."



JACK DELINGER, MR. AMERICA:—

"I've recommended the Weider Weight Gaining Exercises and Weider "QUICK-WATE" Tonic to dozens of stubborn cases of underweight pupils of my gym. The results were fabulous. Bodyweight gains from 5 to 10 pounds, FAST — recommend the Tonic and Course."

THE CHAMPIONS AGREE, AND YOUR DOCTOR MUST TOO!



Show him a bottle of "QUICK-WATE" and the course of instructions that comes with it, and if he doesn't agree that they will really solve your underweight problem, then return both and get your money back!

THIS SPEEDY WEIGHT GAINING PACKAGE FOR YOU!

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IMPORTANT: Weider "QUICK-WATE" is a completely new and better Weight Gaining and Appetite Stimulant, superior to any offered by us before. Taken as directed, it actually contains therapeutic quantities of essential weight gaining and appetite stimulating ingredients and is GUARANTEED to give you fastest results or your money back!

PRICE: Only \$4.00 for BIG 16 ounce bottle of "QUICK-WATE" Tonic and complete Weider Weight Gaining Course. Or Only \$11.00 for GIANT 48 ounce package of tonic and weight gaining course. ORDER TODAY . . . SAY GOODBYE TO SKINNY WEAKNESS . . .

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Gentlemen:

I want to gain weight fast! Rush me the size package and flavor of "QUICK-WATE" I have checked below. I understand that I am to receive a complete course showing me the best weight gaining exercises that I am to follow while taking the tonic.

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☐ Big 16 ounce bottle of "QUICK-WATE" Tonic \$ 4.00
☐ Giant 48 ounce package of "QUICK-WATE" Tonic \$11.00

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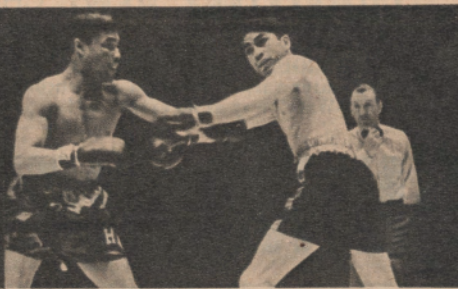
Note: If this is a reorder you may not need the course. Only new customers, or old ones who have misplaced course need to have one sent. If you want course, be sure to check here ☐

Postage is extra. Add \$.50 for 16 ounce bottle or \$1.00 for 48 ounce package if you want to prepay postage. No COD's. In Canada:— Order direct. Weider Food Supplements, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.

BY TO SKINNY WEAKNESS

HENRY ARMSTRONG ENDS RING CAREER OF BARNEY ROSS

(Continued from page 17)



after his victories.

Pian beat Barney to the retirement announcement while Ross was under the showers. He was almost on the point of tears as Barney was rushed into the dressing room, and his other manager, Winch, ordered that no photographers be admitted to record the defeated man's appearance after 15 rounds of monkeying with a human buzzsaw.

"Gentleman," said Pian, "you've seen him in his last fight. They come and go. Youth helped Armstrong tonight but he deserves his victory. The better man won."

Later, Ross amplified this statement after

he had dressed and Winch was completing his first-aid treatment.

"Armstrong is a great little fighter. He was surprisingly strong and a good game fellow. I gave him everything I had and couldn't halt him. There is no doubt in my mind that Henry will stay up there a long time. He has the class."

PRAISES ARMSTRONG

In defeat Ross was as great as he ever was in victory. He quits the ring with a fine sporting gesture by giving Armstrong full credit. And he lost like a man. His heart was strong to the last.

"If you can't take a licking like a man," he said, "you ought to fold up. Henry never

really had me in a bad way, but he certainly mugged me up. I made up my mind I was going to stay after I had nothing else to hope for. He had taken my best licks. He stung me a few times but I was never badly hurt and I'll tell you this much: If he'd knocked me down I'd have got up as often as he floored me."

Ross proved the soundness of his heart by refusing to resign. In the dressing room Pian revealed that both he and Winch had tried to persuade him after the twelfth round and every round thereafter that it was useless for him to go on, but he would not quit. And so he fought the last three rounds under his own management as far as corner advice was concerned.

After the first few rounds Ross was bothered by pains in his left hand which was puffed up after the fight.

"Don't mention that," he pleaded. "I am not making any excuses. Armstrong licked me fairly and cleanly. He never left me alone. Well, I guess the old man will take a long rest now. I'm nearly 29."

• • •

SHATTERING OF A DREAM

(Continued from Page 31)



never lost faith.

He went into the ring with all the murderous punchers they threw his way; Sandy Saddler, Jimmy Carter, Larry Boardman, Luther Rawlings, to name just a few, but not one of them could knock Orlando off his feet. He took them as they came, one by one, pitting his masterful boxing skill and the best left hand in the business against their power, always certain that brains were better than brawn.

For every fight he trained with a fanatical zest being careful never to abuse his greatest God-given gift . . . his perfect body. His only recreation was his hobby, photography. Wherever he went he carried his \$180 Roliflex and plenty of film, snapping as many as many as 200 pictures a day. He liked particularly to take mood studies of the other fighters and to catch the gloomy atmosphere of the gymnasium. After he had the pictures developed and printed he proudly showed them to his subjects and thrilled at their gushing raves. "Hey, Zu. Whatcha' doin' fightin' when y'kin take pitchers like dat?"

Then came the day last May when his manager, wealthy furrier Hymie Wallman, told Zulueta that he was going to fight Joe Brown for the Lightweight championship of the world in Denver the following month.

Orlando was overjoyed. He leapt high into the air, clapped his hands together and kissed Hymie's bald head. "Wait you see, Hymie," Zulueta said excitedly, "I win. And then I go home to Cuba and the people cheer and the girls throw flowers at me, the new champion."

Zulueta went into immediate training at Stillman's gym. The other fighters who had always admired his faith and genuineness watched his workouts and then offered their professional criticism. He handed his trainer, Freddie Fierro, his camera and asked him to take some pictures of him so that he could show them to his kids.

Three weeks before the fight, Zulueta moved his training quarters to Denver, so that he could get accustomed to the city's thin air and get the feel of the "strange" Rocky Mountain country.

When Zulueta slipped through the ropes in Denver's great Civic Auditorium he was in the finest physical and mental condition of his life and ready to put forth his supreme effort.

Orlando knew that in order to win he would have to avoid the champion's lethal right hand and pile up points from the opening bell. He had the whole fight planned perfectly in his mind and not for a second

did he minimize the potency in his opponent's fists.

For the first ten rounds, Zulueta made Joe Brown fight exactly the way he wanted him to do. He hooked and jabbed and never stayed in one spot long enough for Brown to get set. After each round Brown's chief second, Billy Gore, kept yelling at his champion: "You got to get going. You got to knock him out to win!"

In the 13th round Orlando made his first mistake. He dropped his guard a little too low and Brown tagged him solidly and knocked him down. Although he had never been on the floor before, Orlando knew exactly what to do. He came to one knee, nodded to the referee that he was all right and then looked toward his corner for advice. The advice came sharp and clear from Freddie Fierro: "Get up!"

Zulueta moved easily to his feet at the count of nine and held for dear life. He survived that round and the next one too. But in the 15th, he was tagged solidly once again, and once again he went sprawling on the hot canvas. He came to one knee, just as he had done before, looked toward Fierro, and prepared to get up. The big clock on the wall showed only 21 seconds remaining in the fight. Zulueta was sure he could stall for that short time. But he never got the chance even to try. For some reason, referee Ray Keech thought Orlando was fast approaching a dangerous situation, and rather than risk injury to him, Keech waved his hands into the air indicating the fight was over.

Zulueta, calm but heartbroken, protested and followed the referee around the ring. But the terrible decision had already been made. The dream of a lifetime was lost, possibly forever. The victorious ride through the streets of Havana, with the little girls tossing flowers into the path of the new champion—well—perhaps it was never meant to be that way after all.

• • •

KELLY... THE GIANT KILLER

(Continued from Page 34)

We were always ribbing one another in our frequent letters."

I first read about Jack Kelly's fighting progress in John McCallum's new book, "That Kelly Family." This best-seller tells you about all this unusual Philadelphia family—Princess Grace, George, Walter, Kell, among others—but as a boxing historian, I was particularly intrigued with the stories about Princess Grace's papa's boxing career. I had been highly familiar with his rowing, political, civic, and business achievements, he being the president of the nation's largest masonry company, a multi-millionaire—but this boxing angle was news.

In his exciting book, Author John McCallum cites a conversation he had with Jack Dempsey at the latter's Broadway restaurant one evening.

"I will never forget the first time I saw Kelly," recalled the former heavyweight champion. "It was at Atlantic City, on the beach, in 1919. Jack was maybe 27 years old then. He stood a half inch taller and weighed a few pounds more than I. He had broader shoulders, but a smaller waist. I never saw a finer specimen of a man. In the length and breadth of America there was no finer body. He was wearing swim trunks. I was strongly impressed by his physique and started to inquire about him. A mutual friend finally introduced us.

"Do you know anything about boxing?" I asked him, and he said, "Sure, enough to protect myself against some of these champions fighting today."

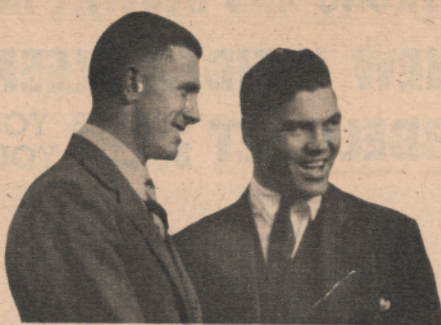
"I'm still trying to figure out what he meant."

Jack Kelly, one of 10 children, was born in East Falls, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia. There was a roadhouse near the Kelly home, called Fairmount Inn, where the carriage trade stopped for refreshments. Sailor Tom Sharkey once trained at the Inn for a bout in Philadelphia. After that, it became a favorite training camp for fighters, for fellows like Terry McGovern, Bat Nelson, and Gus Ruhlin.

Kelly and his boyhood pals spent a lot of time around the Inn, hero-worshipping the great fighters. Customers sponsored boxing tournaments for the kids, and in this way Jack got interested in boxing.

After losing his first two amateur bouts at the Inn, Jack changed his training technique and started training like the professionals. He even went out with the older fighters when they did roadwork. He was told that this would toughen his legs and improve his wind.

Hugh McGovern, brother of Terrible Terry, the champion, was attracted by Jack's eagerness and determination. He gave the youngster boxing lessons. In less than a month



Jack won his first tournament. The boy was on his way.

As the years fled, and Jack Kelly grew older and wiser, he continued to box to keep in condition for rowing. Some of his best fights were with Pat McCarthy, a Philadelphia professional who fought at local clubs. John McCallum describes one of their most bitter battles in "That Kelly Family":

"One evening Jack, then a young man, was sitting at the counter of a local East Falls restaurant, a hangout for the sports crowd, when Pat McCarthy began picking a fight with a smaller fellow. Jack stopped eating, got off his stool, walked over to Pat and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You certainly know how to pick your opponents, don't you, Pat?" said Jack.

"McCarthy, a troublemaker, wheeled on Kelly.

"Suppose I pick on you!" he snorted.

"Fine," said Jack.

"Ed Byrne, proprietor of the restaurant, could smell a fight blowing up as a bird senses a storm, and he shouted, 'Fer the luva Mike! If you guys are gonna fight get outta here!'

"What about Dobson's lot up the street?" suggested somebody.

"Jack eyed Pat, and said, 'What about it?'

"McCarthy was a loud-mouth, but no coward.

"Sure," he said.

"Word quickly spread around East Falls that Kelly and McCarthy were going to fight, and as they stalked up the street they were followed by a hundred people, every last buck of them ready for a good scrap. Local folks could see this coming for a long time.

"Arriving at Dobson's lot, Jack and Pat hurriedly stripped to the waist for action, their eyes not once leaving each other. Kelly was grim, McCarthy cocky. The crowd tightened its knot around the combatants, urging them to begin. Jack needed no urging. His fists closed into a handful of knuckles. He sailed into Pat with both prods. Pat met Jack with a giant swing on the nose. Blood flowed, but it didn't stop Jack's advance. He had a tremendous physical capacity for absorbing shocks. Pat needed no psychiatrist to tell him he had involved himself with a real gladiator.

"For 20 minutes, without mercy on either side, the warriors cudgelled each other. At close quarters Jack brought his abnormal strength into play. His short, shart jolts and hooks carried a rib-cracking impact, and were bruising and battering Pat's pink flesh something terrible. His eyes were growing glassy, his limbs leaden, and he was beginning to waver.

"Jack rushed in and drove his powerful

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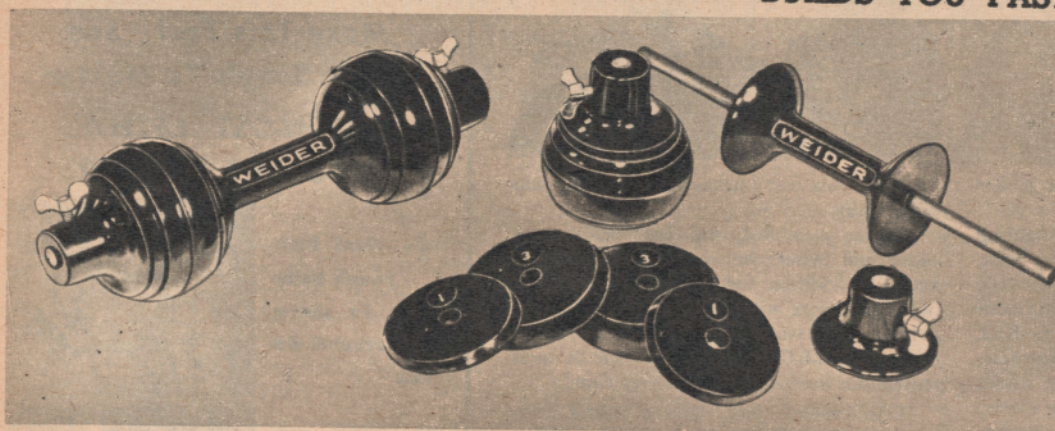
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BUILDS YOU FAST!**



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HEALTH AND APPEARANCE—YOUR KEY TO SUCCESS. How you look and how you feel makes a big difference in social and business success. Attractive girls don't go for sickly looking, out-of-shape men. In business too, the healthy, strong man works his way up to the top. Everyone admires men they can rely on; men who are physically fit. If you're only living half a life, not getting your full share of love and business success, don't blame others. Analyze your physical condition to find out if you have a manly, confidence-inspiring personality. Then, decide now that you won't let puny weakness hold you back another day. Build a strong body loaded with personal magnetism, he-man charm, and be a stand-out in any crowd. You can do this, if you order the Weider "Keep Fit" Dumbbell Set and Course today!

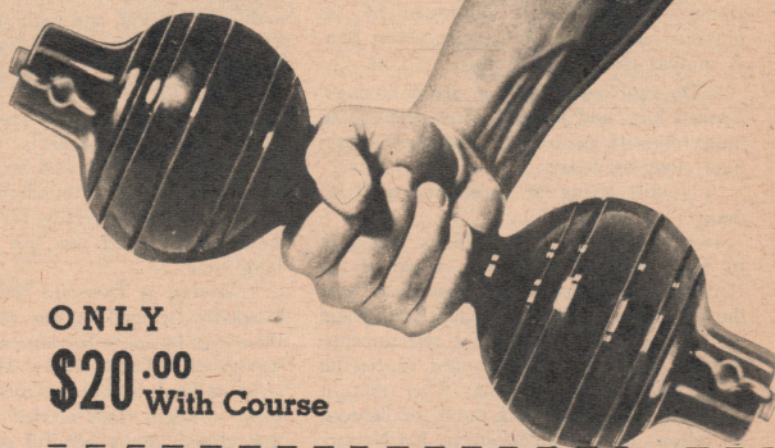
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chest, waist, back and legs. There are charts which show the ideal weight for your height along with sample meals for gaining or losing weight. You are taught daily hygiene too, how to bathe, the workings of your internal organs. Everything you need to know about keeping fit in 10 minutes a day is clearly explained. You can't fail. You must feel and see a big difference in one week or your money back!

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You bet I want to take advantage of your offer. I am enclosing \$20.00 for my Weider "Keep Fit" Dumbbell Set and Course of Instructions. I will use for one week and if I am not delighted I understand that I can return for a refund.

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right hand to McCarthy's heart, followed with a left to the stomach, and then a right to the head. Pat dropped, spread out on the ground as lifeless as death.

"You kilt him, Kelly!" shouted somebody, when Pat didn't stir. A look of deep concern filtered across Jack's face. He knelt, and felt Pat's pulse. It was faintly beating. For an hour they worked over Pat. Finally, his eyes fluttered, and he said feebly, 'Y-y-ya had enough, Kelly?'

"Jack heaved a big sigh of relief, seeing that his victim was going to live.

"Yeah," he smiled, 'Let's call it a draw.'

Jack Kelly was taught by his parents not to be defeated, an old Kelly custom that began way back in knickerbocker days. Jack's parents let him fight his battles with other young men. Some mothers thought that was wrong, but Mr. and Mrs. Kelly didn't. To their thinking, it was nature's way of giving Jack the courage and strength he was going to need later on in life.

When Jack arrived home after the fight with McCarthy, Jack's mother saw the blood smeared on his face. She said, "Was he a bigger boy than you are, son?"

"It was Pat McCarthy."

Mrs. Kelly was familiar with Pat's reputation. She said no more. Had it turned out that Jack had picked on a smaller man, she would have boxed his ears. She let Jack settle most of his differences with other boys his own way, just as long as his methods were honest and fair.

In World War I, Jack Kelly enlisted in the Army's Ambulance Corps and was first assigned to the University of Pennsylvania Base Hospital. Many ex-college football players from Penn and Lafayette were in the outfit, including Bert Bell, now the high Commissioner of the National Football League. Jack and Bert hit it off warmly the instant they met. Bert had been a star quarterback on the Penn football team. Jack liked his bigger spirit. And Bert liked Jack's courage.

Later, while overseas, Bert acted as Jack's manager for the Red Cross boxing matches. Today they still get together and talk about those "good ol' days in France."

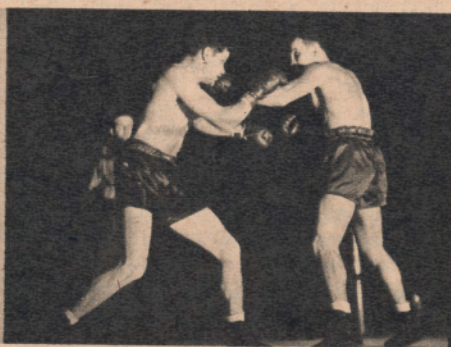
It has been a long, eventful road, this life of John B. Kelly, Sr.—now the father of one of the world's most famous women, Princess Grace . . . father of a world champion oarsman . . . brother of a Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright and the later Walter Kelly, the great "Virginia Judge" of vaudeville . . . president of Atlantic City Race Track . . . a member of the Helms Foundation's Hall of Fame . . . the man 640 of the nation's sports writers selected as "the greatest oarsman in U. S. History" . . . Olympic champion . . . well, the list of honors and recognition runs on and on.

"But it was as a fighter and an oarsman that I harbor my fondest memories," says Jack Kelly. "They taught me the most."

Jack Kelly—Champion.

TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT BILLY SOOSE

(Continued from page 14)



second knuckle had collapsed under the terrific impact of a fast punch to his opponent's head in the very first round of the contest. Billy courageously stayed in there, using his left almost entirely to win the award in a masterful exhibition of boxing.

A long rest failed to strengthen the broken hand. But finally, after weeks of treatment by Arcel, one of the outstanding trainers of fighting flesh in the country, it did show improvement and Soose was matched with Johnny Duca. They fought at Youngstown in February 1939, and Billy came through with a victory. But, as soon as the gloves and bandages were cut off the right hand was aflame with pain.

It seemed the hand would never again be able to hold up under a heavy blow. It seemed a sparkling pugilistic career had been nipped in the bud, and the swirling vapors of gloom enveloped the Soose, Moss and Arcel combine.

In desperation Moss circulated among his friends and borrowed money for an operation. A surgeon put back into place the torn tendons and muscles. Although the hand would in time, have become just as strong, and served him equally as well as his left in the ordinary channels of earning a living, it was doubtful if it would ever again hold up long under the terrific train of smashing it against the heads and jaws of fighters.

The sickening thought that he was through as a fighter, and the realization that his money was getting low, plagued the mind of the ambitious Soose. Weeks of idleness and worry softened his muscles and he lost weight rapidly.

Finally, as a last thin hope, Arcel decided

to send Soose into the Maine woods for a long and sorely needed rest. In a letter he asked if I could arrange for the fighter to stay at some camp or farm where he could rest and do a little work in part payment for his board.

Arcel was amazed at the improvement in the physical condition of Al McCoy when he returned to New York after a month of wood chopping on a farm in Orrington the previous winter. He thought there might be a chance that Soose could obtain the same results.

I was fortunate in getting the badly run-down fighter a chance to stay at Jack Williams' sporting camp, Nicaous Lodge 65 miles back in the very heart of the Maine woods.

Instead of the regular rate of five dollars a day, Soose was to pay only eight dollars a week, and help a bit with the work around the camp.

That's why Soose and Moss were in Bangor that sultry July night. We headed north in Paul's car early next morning and arrived in camp at noon.

Williams gave Billy a little log cabin for himself. It was about a hundred yards from the main lodge in a fragrant forest of giant pines on the bank of a sparkling stream.

Three days later Moss shook his protégé's left hand, wished him luck, told him to get a letter out if he could, and left for the return trip to New York. Soose watched the big car until it disappeared far down the narrow woods road.

There were tears in the young boxer's eyes as we walked slowly back to his cabin that morning. He was in a strange environ-

ment—an environment of great forests, towering mountains and wind-swept lakes. It was plainly evident that this city-bred boy was lonesome, heart-sick and discouraged.

A handsome and gentlemanly chap with a college background, Soose made friends rapidly. His light duties which consisted of sweeping out the cabins, carrying stove wood etc., were well performed.

He had a big simel for everybody, and in less than a week, Williams and his wife, the guests, guides and camp workers were calling him "Billy".

Although doubtful if he would ever again be able to fight, Billy, now weighing only 147 pounds, courageously made the best of the situation. He said he owed that much to his pals, Moss and Arcel.

Wearing only a pair of swimming trunks and Indian moccasins, the pale, underweight kid pitched into the camp work, and when his chores were done, roamed the great green forests that sprawled away for endless miles in all directions.

After the first week the mournful howling of the wildcats, the yapping of the foxes and the hooting of the owls at night did not bother him. He retired early and slept heavily.

Every morning regardless of weather he would arise with the dawn, and snatching up a rough towel and bar of soap would race down to the stream and plunge into its chilly depths. After his bathing he would rub himself vigorously, then hauling on his trunks and moccasins he would strike off for a brisk walk down the winding woods road. Returning in time for breakfast he ate ravenously.

One morning after his swim Billy decided to try rowing one of the boats around the yawning cove on Nicaous Lake. As he hauled on the oars his weak right hand was of little use to him, and streaks of pain, like little hot wires, raced back to his wrist.

He continued however, doing most of the work with his left hand, and despite the pain in his right hand, he enjoyed the little sail. He decided he would take one every morning from then on.

Each morning he rowed a little farther out onto the lake, and after two weeks had slipped past, Billy's world that only a few

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months before had crashed cruelly down onto his curly head, was actually taking shape again. The spark of hope again blazed in his breast for although, as he said, it was hard to believe, that right hand was feeling stronger.

Pulling on the oars hardened his muscles, and the sun that browned his body and legs baked most of the pain out of his sore hand. Later, at my suggestion, he tried using an axe. This caused him some pain at first, but gradually the hand, now heavily calloused, seemed almost as strong as the other. And day after day, back in the bigwoods and along the lake shores the ringing of his axe and the crashing of falling timber could be heard.

As the summer waned, the days, particularly the mornings and evenings, became very chilly in the north woods. Fearing that Soose might catch a cold while working with the axe on the wind-swept shores of the lake, Williams and I finally persuaded him to shift from his swimming trunks and moccasins to a heavy sweat shirt, plaid lumbermans pants and cap.

He didn't like the idea at first but after a few days admitted that the warm clothes caused a free flow of perspiration which made him feel like a "million dollars."

Soose continued his routine of cold plunges, hiking, rowing and wood cutting until by August 31st, the hand, now big, hard and sun browned, looked and felt as good as it ever had.

Hours of fly casting and battling it out with big trout and salmon further strengthened it, and aglow with happiness Billy put the good news into a letter to Moss and Arcel in New York.

It seemed the work with the oars and axe had built up a very thick and tough protective muscle around and across the shattered and sunken knuckle. But as good as the hand felt and looked, Billy still didn't know whether it would stand up under the impact of a punch. There was no way of knowing unless—perhaps he might try it out on something—give it a light test. At first the thought caused him to shudder, and he dismissed it quickly.

But one night it returned. He tossed and twisted in his bunk. Sleep just wouldn't come. Try as he would he couldn't banish the awful yet pleasant thought from his mind, and finally he decided that regardless of the result, he would give the fist the test.

The morning dawned gray and misty. Soose walked to the bank of the stream, watched two deer having their morning drink, then plunged in for his swim. Returning to moccasins, trunks, and the old sweat shirt, the camp he dried himself, pulled on his Slowly and with great care he wrapped the right fist in a long, narrow strip of cloth he had torn from an old blanket. The bandaging was performed with as much care and precision as though he were about to enter the ring for a mopor contest.

His hands trembled as he worked and sweat beads bulged on his brow.

Making sure that nobody in camp was up and about, he slipped quietly out behind the ice house. There he filled an old burlap potato bag with damp sawdust. Shouldering it he vanished into the gloom of the deep woods.

Tucked in his belt was an old pair of leather lumberman's mittes he had found in his cabin. From the limb of a big pine he suspended the sack of sawdust with a length of rope. Slowly and with great care he drew one of the leather mittens over the bandaged right hand, and put the other on his left.

Not a sound broke the heavy silence of the dripping forest save the terrific thumping of the boy's heart. There, alone in the great Maine wilderness he was facing the biggest, most important moment of his life. He was about to win or lose the most important battle of his career.

He stood looking at the big bag. Perspiration streamed down from his forehead and temples. Realizing what he was about to do, a feeling of nausea swept over him. He wasn't quite sure whether he wanted to go through with it. As he told me afterward, never in his life had he suffered such mental anguish.

Realizing that the folks in camp would soon be up and would be looking for him, he gritted his teeth nervously, tightened his muscles and worked his feet into position. There was no time to be lost if the test were to be made, and he got set.

Like a tongue of flame his long left darted against the bag in a perfectly executed jab. Back swung the heavy bag and into it dug the right but with only little power behind it.

There was no pain. Not even the slightest twinge. His handsome tanned face brightened. Again he braced and jabbed the sack. This time the right was delivered with greater force and still there was no pain. Again and again—six times in all, and each time a bit harder than before, he struck the bag with his right. The hand felt no different than before it was injured, and with a prayer on his parched lips, Billy Soose jabbed again, cocked that right and let go with every ounce of his great punching power.

The blow almost tore the bag from its moorings, and a wild scream swept crazily from the throat of the fighter. It was not a scream of pain, but of unbounded joy. He had made the test and it was a complete success.

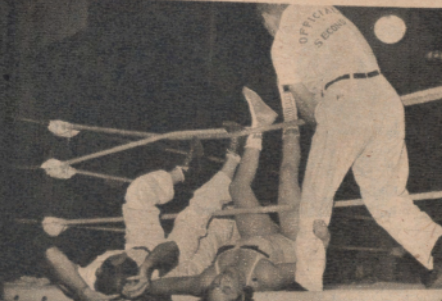
There was great rejoicing in camp that day as Billy told and retold his story many times. His telegram to Moss and Arcel brought Paul in a hurry, and with his hand completely recovered, Billy Soose now weighing nearly 170 pounds, returned to New York and the world of flying gloves.

That was early in September. Ray brought Soose down to his natural 160 pounds of hard, sun-browned fighting flesh and that very month Billy knocked out Joe Fedz at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. The fist stood the battering and joy flamed in the camp of Soose, Moss and Arcel.

Soose continued his campaign, cluttering his trail with numerous victims including Ken Overlin and Tony Zale then co-claimants of the worlds middleweight championship. Those bouts were non-title affairs but on May 9th, the following year Billy again met Overlin, then recognized as the title holder, and in a torrid fifteen round battle in Madison Square Garden, punched his way to the championship with the fist he found in the woods.

WHY SLAVE GIRL IS CHAMPION

(Continued from Page 41)



to work for any organization other than his.

This picture however has completely changed. Billy Wolfe still operates but now faces serious competition which he never had before. Buddy Lee, Orville Brown and several others are giving him a battle with Buddy Lee winding up with the world's champion, Moolah.

Orville Brown, a former world's champion and top promoter in the Kansas territory, handles lady Midgets. So far he has kept them close to his own part of the country, but expects to release them to other promoters this coming winter season. Buddy Lee is now the top booker of the lady wrestlers not only because he has the world's champion, but also because he handles a varied assortment of talent including midgets.

Champion Moolah is a high-class athlete some say even greater than Mildred Burke was when she first held the title. Although born in the U. S., Moolah learned wrestling in Johannesburg, South Africa, most of it from her brother, a good amateur matman. It was also in South Africa that she acquired the name of "Moolah" and has used it ever since. Later she won the championship of South Africa before the largest crowd ever to attend such an event. Soon after, she returned to the States and has been wrestling here without a letup. She is 29 years old and never mentions the possibility of retirement. In her present physical condition and barring any unforeseen accidents, she believes she can stay on top for at least ten more years. She frankly admits she likes to wrestle for high purses which is the reason she prefers to wait for a worthy challenger with a chance to dethrone her rather than defend her title against mediocre challengers. She conforms strictly to Commission rules which require her to defend her title every six months as in the case of men titleholders.

Buddy Lee's Midget wrestlers are Gypsy Rose, weight 90 lbs., height 43 inches and Doll Paige, height 45 inches, weight 90 lbs. The little women are due to invade the North Western territory under the promotion of Tex Hager for an extended engagement. Incidentally, it will be the first showing of female wrestlers in this section of the country in ten years. Gypsy Rose, a real gypsy, comes from a large family. She has four brothers and five sisters besides her father and mother, all of them normal in size. She has difficulty keeping in touch with her large family who, like herself, are constantly on the move. Once in a while they get together when she happens to wrestle in a town where they are making a temporary stay.

Doll Paige's parents, like Gypsy Rose's, are also normal size people. She hails from

Jackson, Mississippi. She is a trained professional nurse and graduated from University Hospital in Jackson. Her interest in wrestling began when she attended matches in Jackson and became a devotee. When she heard about midget lady wrestlers making big money, she trained for the sport and made up her mind to try it. She has come along fast, her services are in demand everywhere. She is fast, scientific with a surprising knowledge of wrestling holds. The airplane spin is her favorite weapon.

Among Buddy Lee's wrestling talent, promoters and fans alike agree that Judy Grable is one of his major attractions. The handsome 21 year old blonde who likes to wrestle barefooted, is a combination of Argentina Rocca and Ricki Starr. No wonder she cannot fill the demand for her services. She executes spectacular acrobatics such as flying head scissors, flying toe holds and combinations cartwheels, drop-kicks and other aerial attacks in the best Rocca and Starr fashion.

Before taking up wrestling professionally she joined a circus and worked in an aerial act for several seasons.

If lady wrestlers were licensed in New York, there is no question she would sell-out Madison Square Garden just as Rocca has been doing. Don't ever miss the opportunity of seeing her in action if she should be in your neighborhood. ● ● ●

CONVENTION IN CHICAGO

(Continued from page 49)

An interesting fact about Fan Clubs is that their Presidents do not always choose, clean cut, good looking grapplers as their honoraries but often select mat villains. Hans Schmidt, for instance, one of the roughest in the business, has no less than seven Fan Clubs. He often refuses to co-operate with them, an outstanding villain to the last, even to his friends.

Space doesn't permit us to print all the names of the Presidents we would like to so let us publish the names of those who have done the most good for wrestling. They are: Hazel Muriel; Betty Krieger; Eileen Rydberg; Florence Smith; Joan Stuff; Lester Sweagay; Kathy Weiss; Goldie Wilson; Elizabeth Culp; Mary Hasley and Violet Smith. ● ● ●

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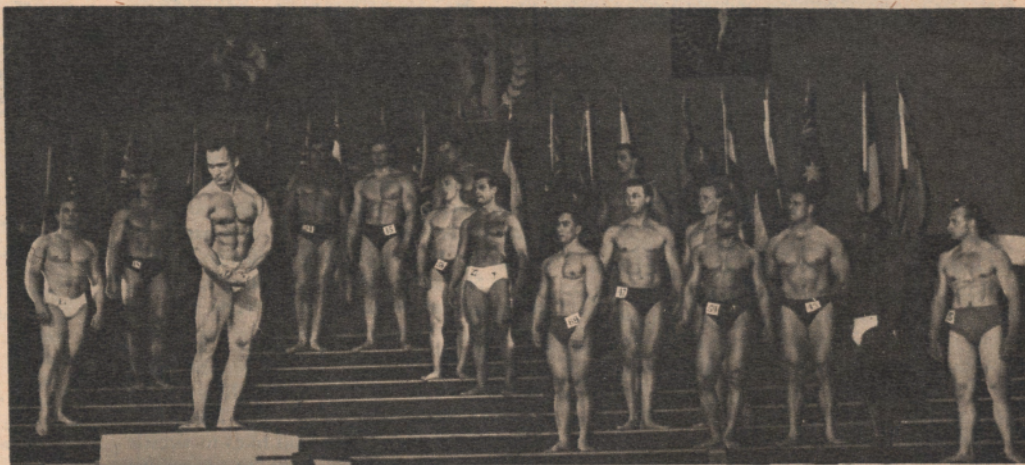
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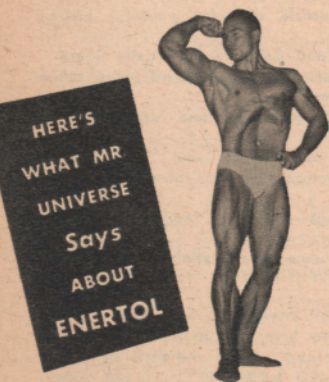
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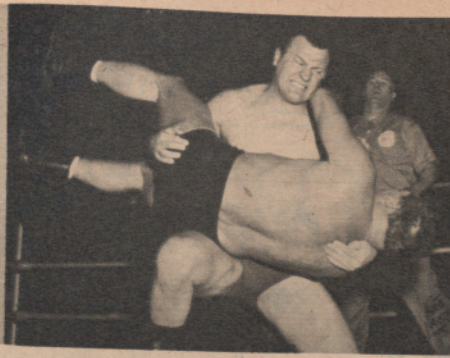
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ALONG THE CANADIAN TRAIL

(Continued from page 47)



mind that. He was sure of himself and his ability, all he asked for was the chance to try. In this respect he was aided by Larry Mouquin, Canada's mat ace, who gave him his first booking at the Forum in Montreal. Nandor made a hit in his first match and has been climbing upward ever since.

To win a reputation along with top billing isn't done overnight, even with the help of TV and other forms of publicity. The climb up is a slow process whichever way you look at it, so Bob branched out on a tour which covered most of Canada. When he returned to Montreal he was established in the Dominion but that was only half the battle. If a wrestler aims at the Big Time he has to qualify in the States as well as Canada. His debut across the border started under better circumstances than it did in Canada. He had established a reputation with his countrymen, even if a modest one, and wrestlers of Hungarian nationality were

much in demand in the U.S. His big chance came when he wrestled on one of the sell out shows in Madison Square Garden last winter. Bob won his bout in a sensational manner and established himself as a top attraction.

Bob Nandor is thirty years old, stands 5 ft 11, and weighs 218 pounds. His style is both scientific, acrobatic and sensational. His hobby is learning languages. He speaks six of them now and hopes to yet master another six. He is unmarried.

In Canada we like to refer to Gene Kiniski, the 6 ft 5 Polish giant, as the "beloved villain". Although only 27 years old he has been wrestling twelve years, starting his mat schooling at the age of 15 in the local YMCA of his native town of Edmonton. In school and later at College where he majored in physical education and psychology, he turned his attention to other sports, notably football. He was good at it, so good in fact

that later, at the conclusion of his studies, he turned pro and became a member of the famous Edmonton Esquimaux squad. He played with them for two seasons — 1952-1953, at the conclusion of which he once more turned his attention to wrestling and has been at it ever since.

Gene has suffered more injuries than most wrestlers. Some of them came as a result of football matches the others from wrestling. He has been hospitalized for a broken knee, a neck injury, a broken ankle, dislocated shoulder and an assorted number of minor injuries too many to mention. No sooner injuries. His favorite hold, as you might in shape again, more matches and more have guessed, is the back breaker with which he has won most of his matches. In spite of it all however, and although he is heartily booed when he steps in the ring, oddly enough he is one of the most popular wrestlers in Canada when off the mat. His friends are legion who quickly forget his wrestling reputation when they meet with him on the outside. So tough and rugged is our Gene, that recently in Texas, he became so unmanageable police stepped into the ring and handcuffed him to ringposts to cool him off and restore order.

His pet hobby is collecting guns of all types. His collection is famous. It includes weapons dating back to the seventeenth century, many incrustated with precious jewels. Gene is married to Mariane, an Edmonton lass, his boyhood sweetheart.

• • •

HALF CENTURY OF BELLY-LAUGHS

(Continued from Page 43)

in nothing flat, burst into the police station, and incoherently trying to explain to the desk sergeant that "dead" people were jumping out of their graves. "Come quick" he insisted, "One of them even asked me what time it was." Then man, obviously frightened, hadn't been drinking. Perhaps there was something amiss so they drove to the scene. They soon located the trouble. A drunk wandering out of bounds fell in an open grave and went to sleep. When he woke up he naturally inquired what time it is?

* * *

He is long since retired, but when he was around he was a featured star. He was the kind of fellow who didn't believe in banks or safe deposit vaults, so he carried his money, bonds, jewels and other valuables all on his person. The man was a walking bank. So careful was he with a dollar, he had two sets of ring togs. One, very much the worse for wear, for use in small towns, the other not much more presentable for use in larger cities. Unlike other wrestlers who give their

valuables to other wrestlers to hold while they are in the ring, this character wrestled with all his wealth stashed away in secret pockets of his trunks. One night, while wrestling in a town which didn't rate the better outfit, his trunks busted during the match and out poured an avalanche of money, jewels and what have you. Our hero was never so fast on his feet as he was that night trying to recover the loot. His opponent and the referee lent a hand and so did several ringsiders who climbed into the ring. When he counted it up afterwards two hundred dollars had some vanished!

* * *

Sometimes it's the fans who provide the humor. Such a dyed-in-the-wool character reserved the same seat through a whole season—second row—ringside. His pastime was doing the same things wrestlers did inside the ring. If they put on a headlock, he put one on himself. Wristlocks, half-nelsons, and so forth, he did them all. Some nights he took a real beating. During a particularly hot match, the boys were punching each other unmercifully, so our friend let go hay-makers on himself. One was a beaut. He caught himself flush on the button, knocked himself out and as he fell his head caught the edge of the pew in front of him. He cut his forehead badly, which required the club doctor to take in eight stitches. When he came to, the first thing he did was to holler for his lawyer. He sued the club for \$10,000! His reason? The promoters were responsible for providing the excitement which caused him to injure himself. No, he didn't collect.

* * *

This one isn't much on the humorous

side, but it is about a wrestler who didn't know his own strength. During his wrestling career, Leon Blount was a serious scientific wrestler who never exploited his strength to a great extent. When he quit wrestling he went in the piano business. One day he went to a warehouse to look over some pianos for sale, and decided to buy the lot. Among them was a grand piano on which he wanted the owner to put on casters. Meanwhile Blount went across the street for a cup of coffee. Presently, he heard screams and rushed back to the warehouse where he found the unfortunate owner pinned under the piano which had slipped while he was putting it on the casters. Several men were trying to lift the massive instrument but couldn't budge it. Then Blount took the situation in hand and unhesitatingly lifted the 1100 pound piano with one hand, while he pulled out the unfortunate dealer with the other. A prodigious feat of strength which Blount never knew he possessed when he was wrestling.

* * *

To a wrestler who failed to report at a club one night, an excitable promoter the following day pulled this gem: "Why didn't you at least send me a telegram collect, it would have cost you only forty cents!"

* * *

Wrestlers used to call me "honest-Al". This is how I got the name. A wrestler who hadn't been getting much work came to my office one day and I told him he was booked in the main event the following week. He looked at me for a moment then said: "Honest? . . . Al."

* * *

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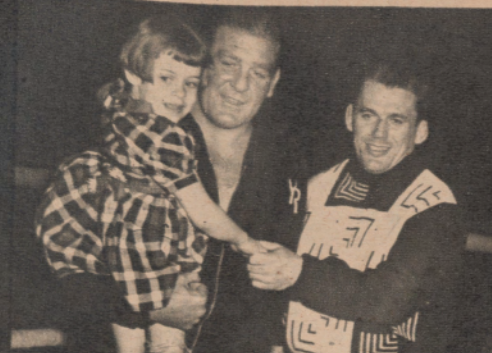
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RESULTS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 43)



NORTH—(Continued)

Jack Vansky beat Ken Kenneth
Wilbur Snyder beat Jack Vansky
Vern Gagne beat Babe Zaharias
Paul Bunyan beat Tug Wilson
Rito Romero beat Danny McShane
Dick Brown beat George Drake
Leo Jonathan beat Prince Maiava
Duke Keomuke beat Bobby Managoff
Rito Romero won over Tokyo Joe-Disq.
Leo Jonathan won over Duke Keomuka-Disq.
Don Evans beat Prince Maiava
Lou Thesz beat Red McIntyre
Don War Eagle beat Frank Taylor
Ali Bey beat Ramon Fernandez
Don Red Eagle beat Yukon Eric
Doran O'Hara beat Marco Polo
Wee Willie Davis beat Fred Atkins
Don Red Eagle vs Yukon Eric-Draw
Oni Wiki beat Jarque
Bobby Managoff beat Lou Martinez
Red Bastien beat Don Evans
Rito Romero beat Duke Keomuka
Don Leo Jonathan beat Bobby Managoff
Danny McShane vs Dick Brown-Draw
Dory Funk beat Ray Piret
Emil Dusek beat Dick Steinborn
George Becker beat Ali Bey
Vern Gagne beat Great Mitsu
Great Kato beat Lou Klein
Mike Clancy beat Pete Zarnoff
Dick Steinborn beat Marco Polo
George Becker beat Ray Stevens
Lou Thesz beat Rito Romero
Prof. Roy Shires beat Arnold Skaaland
Great Scott beat Bob Wallace
Sonny Myers beat Tommy O'Toole
Lou Thesz beat Pepper Gomez
Great Bolo beat Sonny Myers
Mike DiBiase beat Rocky Columbo
Dick Afflis beat Guy LaRose
Billy Rayburn beat Jarque
Lou Thesz vs Pepper Gomez-Draw
Danny Dusek beat Pete Zarnoff
Rito Romero beat Tokyo Joe
Ray Gunkel vs Dory Funk-Draw
Don Leo Jonathan beat Pepper Gomez
Red Batien beat Don Evans
Don Leo Jonathan beat El Medico
Duke Keomuka vs Lou Martinez-Draw
Cyclone Anaya beat Kolo Zbyszko
Lou Thesz beat Ray Gunkel
Wilbur Snyder beat Don Whittler
Emil Dupre beat Pedro Godoy
Nick Roberts beat Great Mitsu
Dick Afflis beat Chris Lozaro
Argentina Rocca beat Bob Skipp
Argentina Rocca beat Jerry Graham
Great Scott beat Don Miller

EAST

Ricki Starr beat Jerry Graham
Skull Murphy beat Jackie Nichols

Gino Garibaldi beat Gene Dubuque
Argentina Rocca beat Oyamo Kato
Great Scott beat Jim Bernard
Prof. Roy Shires beat Chief Big Hart
Miguel Perez beat Skull Murphy
Argentina Rocca beat Skull Murphy
Dick Afflis beat Gene Dubuque
Ricki Starr beat Oyamo Kato
Jerry Graham beat Chief Big Hart
Ricki Starr beat Eric von Hess
Buddy Wallace vs Manuel Torres-Draw
Ricki Starr beat Larry Hamilton
Eric von Hess beat Larry Simon
Prof. Roy Shires beat Gino Garibaldi
Argentina Rocca beat Jerry Graham
Great Scott beat Harry Lewis

WEST

Leo Nomellini beat Bud Curtis
Bobo Brazil beat Al. Costello
Lord Blears vs Enrique Torres-Draw
Bobo Brazil over Ben Sharpe by Disq.
Hombre Montana beat Ray Stern
Charo Azteca vs Al. Costello-Draw
Ben Sharpe beat Charro Azteca
Paul Baillargeon beat Masked Marvel
Billy Varga beat Carlos Moreno
Shag Thomas beat Nick Bockwinkle
Bobo Brazil over Sky Hi Lee-Disq.
Leo Garibaldi beat Carlos Moreno
Sandor Szabo beat Frank Jares
Shag Thomas beat Great Togo
Leo Garibaldi vs Joe Blanchard-Draw
Tommy Martindale beat Enrique Romero
Sky Hi Lee beat Joe Blanchard
Paul Baillargeon beat Pat Fraley
Tommy Martindale beat Cisco Kid
Frank Jares vs Leo Garibaldi-Draw
Sky Hi Lee vs Billy Varga-Draw

TAG TEAM RESULTS

Kurt von Brawner & Don Whittler beat
Red Dugan & Red McIntyre
Guy LaRose & Bibber McCoy beat Don &
Mark Lewin
Boris & Nicolli Volkoff beat Emil Dupre &
Roy Rogers
Sky Hi Lee & Shag Thomas beat Joe
Blanchard & Nick Bockwinkle
Sky Hi Lee & Shag Thomas beat Sandor
Szabo & Alo Leilani
Ed. Carpentier & Yvon Robert beat Mr. Moto
& Hito
George & Sandy Scott beat Ali Bey & Ray
Stevens
Argentina Rocca & Miguel Perez beat Karl
von Hess & Skull Murphy
Al & John Smith beat Tony Baillargeon &
Maurice LaPointe
Larry Mouquin & Bob Nandor beat Mr.
Moto & Hito. (disqualification)
Chris & John Tolos beat Bill & Ed Miller
Bill & Ed. Miller beat Dick Afflis &

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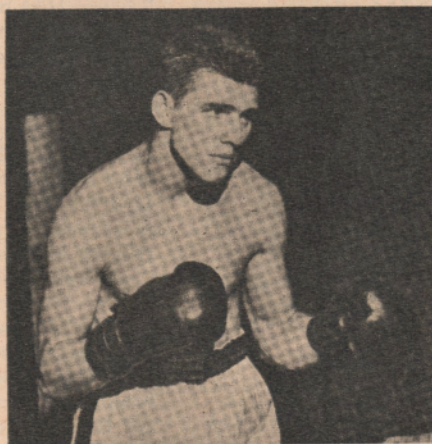
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See inside for

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NUMBER AND STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

Wladek Kawalski (Disq)
 Guy & Joe Brunetti beat Ivan & Karol Kalmikoff (Disq.)
 Ivan & Karol Kalmikoff beat Johnny Rougeau & Vern Gagne
 Reg & Stan Lisowski beat Hans Herman & Gino Angelo
 George & Sandy Scott beat Ray Stevens & Ali Bey
 Dick Hutton & Gene Kiniski beat Farmer Boy Townsend & Billy Watson
 Vergne Gagne & Ed. Carpentier beat Reg & Stan Lisowski
 Lord Blears & Ben Sharpe beat Adrian & Paul Baillargeon
 George Becker & Dick Steinborn beat Ray Stevens & Buddy Lee
 Black Menace & Wee Willie Davis beat Yukon Eric — Billy Two Rivers
 Argentina Rocca & Miguel Perez beat Don Stevens & Wildman Fargo
 Adrian & Paul Baillargeon beat Enrique Torres & Riki Dozan
 Mike Dibiasse & Sonny Myers beat Rip Hawk & Joe Dusek
 Karol Fozoff & Ivan Bornou beat Ernie Dusek & Pete Managoff
 Tokyo Joe & Duke Keomuka beat Ray Gunkel & Rito Romero
 Ernie & Emil Dusek beat Karol Fozoff & Ivan Bornou
 Great Bolo & El Diablo beat Dizzy Davis & Rip Rogers
 Boris & Nicolai Volkoff beat Vern Gagne & Ed. Carpentier

Gino Garibaldi & Len Montana beat Tony Martinelli & Jackie Nichols
 Sky Hi Lee & Shag Thomas beat Sandor Szabo & Bobo Brazil
 Emil & Ernie Dusek beat Ray Stevens & Ali Bey

GAL GRAPPLING RESULTS

Penny Banner beat Lee Chona LaClaire
 Barbara Baker beat Shirley Strimple
 Judy Glover beat Corine Coredo
 Shirley Strempel beat Judy Glover
 Marge Marlowe beat Kim O'Neal
 June Byers beat China Mira
 June Byers beat Bonnie Watson
 Violet Ray beat Marle Schmidt
 Theresa Theis beat Rita Cortez
 Caroline Bennett beat Baby Doe
 June Byers beat Penny Banner
 Betty Hawkins beat Barbara Baker
 Betty Burke beat Williams
 Joyce Smith beat Mars ennett
 Barbara Baker beat Judy Glover
 Corrine Cordero beat Shirley Strempel
 Caroline Bennett beat Baby Doe
 Ramona TeSelle beat Laura Martinez
 Lana LaMar beat Edith Wade
 Joan Ballard beat Princess Ramona
 Elaine Ellis beat Carmen Garcia
 Bonnie Watson beat Kathy Branch
 Mary Hillis beat Belle Drummond
 Ramona Simon beat Ramona TeSelle
 Judy Glover beat China Mira
 June Byers beat Gloria Barattini
 Belle Starr beat Patty Neff
 Keiko Sakada beat Corine Coredo

CANADIAN RESULTS

Wladek Kowalski beat Ed. Carpentier
 Gene Kiniski beat Manuel Cortez
 Pat O'Connor vs Gene Kiniski-Draw
 Prince Maiva beat Steve Stanlee
 Wladek Kowalski beat Mr. Hito
 Yvon Robert beat Mr. Moto
 Gene Kiniski beat Yvon Robert
 Jack Pesek beat Dick Afflis
 Gene Kiniski beat Pat O'Connor
 Art Nelson beat Sandor Kovacs
 Hard Boiled Haggerty beat Roy Hefferman
 Mighty Ursus beat Lars Larsen
 Stu Hart vs Dick Huffman-Draw
 Manuel Cortez beat Gypsy Joe
 Larry Moquin vs Mike Gallagher-Disq.
 Pat O'Connor beat Dick Hutton
 Billy Watson beat Gene Kiniski-Disq.
 Prince Maiva beat Steve Stanlee
 Sandor Kovacs vs Jack Walker-Draw
 Ed. Carpentier beat Dick Hutton
 Bill Miller beat John Tollas
 Roy McClarity beat Dick Huistick
 Joe Pazandak beat Karl Kteiff

MIDGET RESULTS

Lord Littlebrook & Brown Panther beat Tom Thumb & Irish Jackie
 Lord Littlebrook beat Tom Thumb
 Sonny Boy Cassidy & Vince Garibaldi beat Farmer Pete & Sir Robert Randall
 Cowboy Bradley beat Tiny Roe
 Tiny Roe beat Francis Pledge
 Lord Littlebrook & Brown Panther beat Tom Thumb & Irish Jackie

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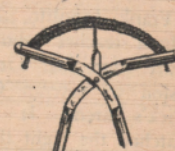
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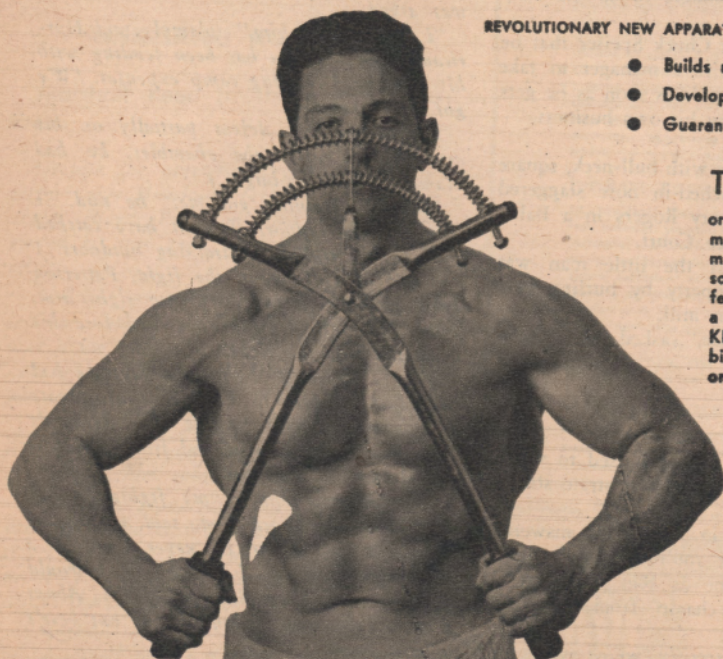
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FIGHTS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 11)

THE KEED AGAIN

After hammering out a one-sided 10 round decision over top-ranked Gasper Ortega in Miami Beach, old (31) Kid Gavilan demanded a shot at Carmen Basilio. As welterweight champion, Gavilan whipped Basilio in 1953 and now he said through puffed lips:

"I can do it again anytime."

Gavilan, who had lost three straight bouts earlier in the year, looked faster and stronger than he has in several years. He outsmarted and outpunched Ortega and sparked the crowd with his old specialties, the bolo punches and blazing finishes in every round.

Not even Ortega objected to the unanimous decision in the Kid's favor. "He beat me good," the beaten man said.

The victory was Gavilan's 103rd in 138 fights over a period of 14 years in the ring.

REVENGE FOR ROSI

In December 1956 shifty Mexican lightweight Baby Vasquez jabbed Paolo Rosi's face until it was a mask of blood. When Rosi could no longer see, the referee stopped the fight and awarded it to Vasquez. But nine months later, in Louisville, Kentucky, balding Paolo Rosi got his revenge. Using his heavier artillery and vicious combinations, Rosi built up a slim lead and captured a close 10-round decision over Vasquez.

There were no knockdowns in the bout but in the fourth round Rosi staggered Baby with a sizzling barrage to the head and body that had the Mexican holding on. For a moment it appeared as though he might go down but Rosi made the mistake of stepping back to watch him fall.

As is the rule rather than the exception these days, the winner's manager, glib Charley Johnston, demanded that Rosi be given a crack at lightweight king Joe Brown. Said Brown: "tell him to get in line."

TOO MUCH RESPECT

Frank Ippolito, 22-year old New York school teacher who fights for pay in his spare time, lost a close but unanimous decision to veteran Orlando Zulueta at St. Nick's arena. It seemed to those who watched the fight that Ippolito was holding back, not opening up as he had been in his previous bouts. A little more of a determined effort on Frankie's part would easily have earned him the verdict.

"I was too respectful of him," the disgruntled loser said after the fight. "I was thinking to myself all the time . . . gee . . . this fellow almost won the championship of the world a couple of months ago. So I didn't press after him as I did the other fellows I've boxed. I let him take the play away from me and it cost me the fight."

WOW! CAN HE HIT!

Ray Robinson-idolizer Sugar Hart looked as sweet as his name sounds for six rounds against 10-year veteran Virgil Akins. In fact, in the fifth round he had Akins wobbly from a murderous barrage to the head and it seemed that Akins was about to fall. But Virgil rode out the storm and in the sixth and seventh rounds he came back with a sustained attack that hurt Hart and had him looking dumbly to his corner for advice.

In the seventh there was no stopping the 29-year old St. Louis slugger. He brushed away Sugar's weak jabs and dug sickening hooks deep into Hart's middle. Hart flew back against the ropes, like a man in a cell who is desperately trying to get away from a wild animal. But there was no place for him to hide. Akins connected with an overhand right to the chin and Hart dropped to the floor where he stayed for the automatic eight count. The bell saved him.

Sugar was pushed out of his corner for the eighth, but they might as well have saved him the punishment. Akins pounced upon him. A left-right combination to the side of the head put Hart down again. He came to a kneeling position, then to a standing position. He was looking toward his corner, his eyes glassy and his arms dangling by his sides when the referee, Lou Parker, wisely stopped the fight. ● ● ●

THE EDITOR SPEAKING

(Continued from page 4)

"Doing the fighting is the easiest part of this racket," said one of the world's top-ranked lightweights. "The tough part is arguing with promoters and commissioners. I'm glad I have a manager to do the dirty work."

I would like to bet Chuck Speiser that he will be anxious to hire a manager to take care of the endless details as soon as he gets a real taste of handling his own business.

* * *

A short, stocky man with bull-neck, square shoulders and a punched-in nose staggered before Magistrate Henry Rogers in a Baltimore, Maryland Police Court.

The charge against the little man was damaging private property by hurling beer bottles all over a gin mill.

"What's your name," asked the Magistrate?

"John Gutenko."

"Age?"

"63."

"You look like a fighter I used to watch many years ago," said the Magistrate straining to remember.

"I haven't boxed in 20 years," answered the little man. "But you're probably right. You might know me as Kid Williams. I was bantamweight champ from 1914 to 1917."

After the reminiscences were over, the Magistrate asked the Kid if he had any money to get to work the next morning. Ex-champion Williams said he did.

"Good," the Magistrate said. "I fine you ten dollars plus costs. Sentence suspended. And mind you, don't come back."

Kid Williams swore he never would.

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING

(Continued from page 6)

Tommy criticized Rocky Graziano for ridiculing his former profession and added:

"There is medical evidence which indicates punches do not make anyone 'drunk'. Those who talk about a so-called punch drunk fighter know nothing of his intellectual capacity during his pre-fight years, his environment, his heritage or his educational advantages.

"Thousands of other unfortunates are just like these ex-pugilists," Tommy says. "They are people who never entered a ring — who once were cashiers, accountants, typists, business executives, even comedians. They are called mentally defective or mentally ill — not punchy, like plain ex-fighters in ill health."

THE ALIBI

Murray Robinson in the New York Journal-American:

Hurricane Jackson charged that he had been "made" to fight the champion (Floyd Patterson) in spite of a sore arm.

Lippe Breidbart, his frontline manager, and Freddie Brown, one of his trainers, immediately denied the charge . . .

"They knew I had a sore arm," Hurricane, fully recovered from his ordeal, declared in his St. Albans home. "I told my manager and trainers. I said I didn't want to fight because my arm was sore, but they made me. I'm firing my trainers. They over-trained me."

"Will you fire your manager, too?" he was asked.

"I got to keep him," solemnly said Hurricane, whose mama has been feuding with his pilot over training camp expenses. "We got a contract."

He blamed his defeat partially on his arm. (Right after the shambles, he had blamed it on "lazy lazi.")

"Outdoor training got me," he said. "I like to train indoors. I must have caught cold in my right arm training outdoors. I couldn't hold it up in the fight. Patterson keep hitting me over my low right arm. Then that referee got excited and lose his head and stop the fight!"

Jackson's charge that pressure had been put on him to keep his unfortunate date with Patterson at the Polo Grounds July 29 drew roars of denial from Breidbart and Brown. Said Lippe:

"If Jackson, who is my fighter and I don't want to knock him, said we 'made' him fight, he's a liar. He never asked for a postponement. If he had done so, I would certainly have gone along with him. About a cold in his arm, I don't know, but here's what happened:

"Two weeks before the fight, he blocked a left hook with the underside of his right arm while sparring. The arm was bruised and Jackson said it hurt. So we took him to a local doctor, who said the muscle was bothered. He baked it.

.. "This sore arm he uses now for an alibi

was so sore he didn't miss a day's training because of it."

Brown, long time handler of Hurricane, was bitter.

"He complained of a sore arm, yes," he conceded. "That was two weeks before the fight. But he's such a chronic complainer you never know when he's telling the truth. And he wasn't when he said we 'made' him fight. He never asked out.

"So Whitey Bimstein and me over-trained him, did we? Listen: He trained himself for Patterson. He wouldn't listen to us. He stopped listening two years ago. He made a bad fight because he has a full belly. He didn't want to fight. He wants to fire Whitey and me? It's all right with me."

Chairman Julius Helfand of the State Athletic Commission and Dr. Samuel Sweetnick, Commission physician who examined Jackson in camp and on the day of the fight, also attacked his 'sore arm' alibi. Yet neither knew he had actually had a sore arm while training.

"I visited Jackson camp six or seven days before the match," said Helfand. "He worked four rounds and punched the big bag for at least a half hour. He showed no evidence of a sore arm nor did he complain about one. Dr. Sweetnick was with me."

"He said nothing about an arm injury or soreness," Dr. Sweetnick declared. "I asked him a lot of questions, among them whether he had hurt himself training and if he had been treated by a doctor for any ailment. He answered no to both. I also examined him the day of the fight. He was in fine condition.

"If he went to a local doctor for arm treatment two weeks before the fight, why didn't he or Breidbart tell us?"

Why, indeed?

MARCIANO AGAIN

Marshall Reed in The Long Island Press:

Despite the overwhelming nature of his victory over Hurricane Jackson last Monday night, Floyd Patterson still wasn't convinced he was good enough to silence his critics.

And he apparently fears that because of a lack of opposition of sufficient caliber, he may never quiet those who still insist he's not to be classed with the greats of the past.

"Even if I had taken him out in the first round, they'd probably say I just got lucky and caught him cold," he said.

"To really prove myself, I'd have to beat somebody like a Marciano. Only if Marciano came back now and I beat him, they'd probably say he was out too long and he wasn't the old Marciano.

"Maybe," he said wistfully, "I'll never prove myself to the public."

We doubt it. Somewhere along the line before Floyd is through, there will be a few fellows capable of putting him to the test. There isn't much of a heavyweight crop right now, but it won't always be that way. And Patterson is going to be around a long time.

• • •

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EVOLUTION OF STEVE STANLEE

(Continued from page 51)

It's fun meeting the big boys of matdom, and during my lifetime I have known and talked with a good many of them, and let me tell you here and now they are really not such villains as some people might imagine . . . in fact, they are mostly a quiet lot and well educated to boot. They are always ready to talk shop . . . wrestling . . . or weight training exercises, the latter which, by the way, most of them have done or are still doing along with their wrestling. They like the feel of a barbell or a pair of dumbbells . . . it is a silent resistant opponent to them, they say.

And the golden-haired glamour boy of wrestling fame and fortune knows a little about weight training exercises . . . what it does to develop a man, increase his bodyweight, improve his strength. Stanlee told me, "When I was a young one (17), I weighed around 150 pounds and I decided to give weight training exercises a whirl . . . I wanted to see what could be done to increase my bodyweight and physical power . . . so I got myself a barbell and began training. Within a year I increased my bodyweight from 150 to 245 pounds. My strength increased tremendously too, for at the start of my training with weights I could put up but 150 pounds and at the end of a year I heaved up 260 pounds." "And after another short training period, I was able to clean and jerk 350 pounds," Steve said. The big boy also told me he had held 440 pounds overhead with the strength of one arm, and with two hands supported the terrific poundage of 540 pounds. Of course, assistance was necessary to get these heavy weights overhead, but regardless of this fact, in my opinion, both of the above feats are worthy of mention. Could you do the above feats? And how many men in the world could do you think? Few. And on a two hand dead lift, this Hercules of the mat, has done 675 pounds. "That's good enough for me, I said, but enough about lifting, what I am interested in now is your measurements."

Steve Stanlee was co-operative and what perhaps most of you readers don't know is most of the wrestlers will tell you they measure so much here and so much there. Not Stanlee. He said, "Okay, get your tape and let's go", when I wanted to measure him. I didn't need a second invitation . . . and I found he had a 17½ neck and upper arm (natural) forearm 13¼, wrist 7¾, chest 47 (natural), waist 36, hips 44, thigh 28 and calf 17 inches. At the present time he weighs 235 pounds at a height of six feet.

Before shoving off, I asked Steve who he considered the best of all the wrestlers. Sexton was his answer . . . and when I said, "Who is the strongest of them all?" Stanlee replied, "Yukon Eric". So you have my story fellows — and as a finish to the girls who may read this, Steve Stanlee, the Blond Adonis, is SINGLE! ● ● ●

MOULDING OF A FUTURE CHAMPION

(Continued from page 13)

One thing is certain, however. Prize-fight records over the last 200 years have made it axiomatic that man's ideal fighting size is between 185 and 200 pounds stretched over a 6-foot frame. Anything much beyond that is excess baggage. By this yardstick, then, Patrick Terrence McMurtry is an ideal heavyweight contender.

Irish Pat McMurtry, a 25-year-old thunderbolt from Tacoma, Washington, gives promise of brighter days ahead for the heavyweight division in this country. The ex-Fighting Marine and Golden Glove champion, winner of 24 of his first 26 professional fights, 20 by knockouts, is no swollen-eared, scar-faced, gym-sweaty pug who has had to batter and toil for the golden heavyweight opportunity, but a handsome, bronzed young man with murder in his fists.

Tacoma's newest gift to the prize ring is putting this once red-hot fight town back on the fistic map in a big way. While the bigger arenas of New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Cleveland, have been drawing only a handful in recent years, Pat's two biggest fights in 1956 in his own Tacoma backyard grossed more than \$100,000. His bout with former champion Ezzard Charles grossed \$57,190, and against Willie Pastrano, the then fourth-ranking heavyweight in the world, the gate at Tacoma's Lincoln Bowl totaled \$56,240.

Pat is something of a rarity in the beak-bustin' business. He is managed by his Pop, Clarence McMurtry, who, in addition to keeping a sharp eye on his son's career, drives a bakery route in Tacoma. Now, father-son boxing combinations have not been particularly notable in the history of the game. Papas seem overly cautious or too confident, and they usually lack experience in a business in which it is handy to know all the angles. Pa and Willie Stribling probably did as well as any papa-offspring duo.

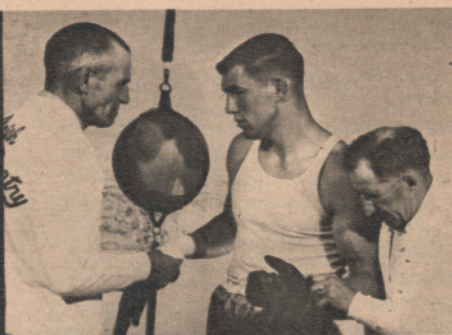
But the McMurtry's appear to be successfully defying tradition.

"Pat made about \$25,000 in purses in 1956," confided Papa-Manager McMurtry to this writer recently. "And he never had to go out of the Pacific Northwest to do it. What's more, remember he didn't have one of those 50 per cent managers and his expenses were comparatively light. I'd guess that he had more take-home pay than many of the heavies in the top 10 last year."

The man has a point there.

Despite this family success, Pat's Dad has been criticized for not turning the fighter's reins over to more experienced hands, such as the veteran Jack Hurley, who headquarters only a mashie shot away in Seattle.

"Hurley never will manage my son, not



now, not tomorrow, Saturday or ever," said Clarence McMurtry. "That's final. Hurley is definitely out. We are operating as a family. We've always operated as a family. There is no room for Hurley in our family. I talked to Jack a whole afternoon one time. We just couldn't agree on certain financial arrangements. If the time comes when I think I'm making mistakes in handling my son, then I'll get experienced help. There's a lot of good managers around. But we'll go along the way we are right now. We figure we can make as much this way—the way we split it up—as we'd make if we were handled by a Kearns or a Hurley."

The life and times of Irish Pat McMurtry began, quite prosaically, on Tacoma's South Side on January 5, 1932. He started boxing as a Lincoln High School student in 1948, going on to win a closetful of medals, watches and cups with his fists. Among other trinkets, Pat swept in like a prairie fire to pick up three-count 'em—Golden Gloves titles in 1949; received a boxing scholarship to Gonzaga University in 1950, where he was rated an all-time great; was named Golden Boy in 1951 at Seattle's Northwest Golden Gloves Tournament, then finished runner-up in the light-heavy division in the National AAU Tournament at Boston.

Pat knocked out two Eastern Golden Gloves champions on his way to the finals at Boston. He lost a decision to Jack Boutiller for the title—the lone setback of his amateur career of 103 fights. Pat broke a small bone in his right hand in the semi-finals, and he battled Boutiller for the championship using only his left hand.

As a token of recognition for his raw courage and fighting heart, the Tacoman was given a gold watch, the first special award in the then 63-year-old history of the nationals.

Then Pat went into the Marines. There, in the long evenings, he fought for the entertainment of his fellow Marines when the day's drilling was over. Nobody in camp could touch him. It was the same story at his next base, and the next. Pat was too tough for the men they pitted against him—he whipped them all. The fresh air, the rigorous training course, the substantial food, combined to build him up to peak condition. Pat was in combat in Korea, spent a lot of hours dodging enemy bullets, but he still found time to do some fighting in the ring and win two Far East heavyweight titles.

Upon his return to the States, Pat began to fight again while he was stationed at El Toro, California. In the All-Marine tournament at Cherry Point, North Carolina, in April of 1953, Pat won the championship by decisioning Jess Barber, All-Navy 175-

pound champion and former Olympic Games participant McMurtry was named the best boxer in the tournament.

After getting out of the Marines, Pat returned to Tacoma and began an extensive training program under the guidance of Homer Amundsen, who operated a gym in Tacoma and had been managing fighters for years. Then, on January 24, 1954, The Tacoma News-Tribune splashed a banner-line news story across its sports page:

"Pat McMurtry Joins Pro Ranks"

And the story that followed said, in part: "... Pat McMurtry, who has gone about as far as he can go as an amateur, now is going to get money for his fighting ability. McMurtry, long regarded as one of the most promising of the young heavyweights in the Northwest, is turning professional, with Homer Amundsen as his manager..."

Well, there it was. Another Tacoma boy's professional fist-fight career had been launched. Not since the days of Freddie Steele, who had once battled his way to the middleweight crown of the world, had Tacoma been so excited, so full of anticipation, about a home-grown athlete.

Young McMurtry didn't let his neighbors down. He went right to work piling victory upon victory, and the big-city promoters began to take notice, even sending special scouts out to look over the Irish lad.

Was the kid really as good as the reports indicated? Or was this only a good "build-up" job, similar to the job Jack Hurley had done on Harry (Kid) Matthews, who flopped so horribly in his one big chance against Rocky Marciano? Tex Salkeld, the longtime Portland, Oregon, promoter, didn't think so—and he wrote a letter to Dan Walton, veteran Tacoma News-Tribune sports editor, one of the keenest boxing observers in the country.

"Dear Danny," wrote Tex. "This letter may surprise you because, although I've known you for nearly 30 years, I've never written you this way before. There's a good reason for what follows, though, Danny, and I'll get to the point right away.

"I want you and the fine fans of Tacoma to know how I feel after watching a real good fighter, the type that comes along once in a very long time. You know as well as anyone in the Northwest that I've been in the fight business for more years than I care to think about—as a flunky, a trainer, manager and promoter. I've had some big ones and, as you know, some small ones, too, real heartbreakers.

"I've seen some great ring prospects in my time, but it's been many years since I have had one affect me as this one did. I mean Tacoma's own Pat McMurtry. I was beginning to think I'd never see another one who apparently has all the tools to make good—young, game, good looking, size, build and weight. I knew some day someone like Pat would come along. Danny, the kid's a cinch.

"Pat's one of the finest boys I've met. I could say the finest in this rough, tough business. He is a gentleman, presents a fine appearance in and out of the ring. He looks you straight in the eye when he talks to you. When introduced, he shakes your hand like a man. I like these things.

"Pat's a nice kid but a real killer in the ring, a real workman, a guy who likes to

fight, a good-looking Irishman with real class."

That letter was written two and a half years ago. Tex is no longer around, having passed away, but Pat has since made him look like a genuine prophet. On July 14, 1956, in Tacoma's Lincoln Bowl before 10,729 partisan enthusiasts, McMurtry, a 7 to 5 underdog, performed like an odds-on favorite as he on a unanimous decision from the former heavyweight champion, Ezzard Charles.

Later, Charles, his eyes puffed and his face cut and swollen, said that the young Tacoma heavyweight "ill go places in the fight game if he keeps his heart."

Rubbing his jaw tenderly, here Pat's Big Bertha blows had landed earlier in the evening, the former champion said, "The kid's got a nice variety of punches, a good straight left and hook and then he switches. He's got more combinations than most. One thing I liked about the kid was that he was in good mental shape. I talked to him before the weigh-in and I knew then that he was thinking right."

The name "Pat McMurtry" suddenly became hot property after the Charles victory, and Pat was quickly matched with the world's fourth-ranking heavyweight, Willie Pastrano, a wraith of the ring from New Orleans. This time 11,095 Tacomans paid their way to get back into Lincoln Bowl, only to see Willie the Wraith survive a second-round near-knockout and dance on to win a 10-round decision—Pat's first defeat since turning professional.

Pastrano has a heap o' respect for Pat. "Toughest I've fought yet," he said recently. "Pat can really hit."

Dan Walton told me that after tagging the elusive Willie with a stunning right in the second round, Pat failed to follow up his advantage. "McMurtry usually is a good finisher," said Danny, "and his lapse against Pastrano was blamed on the fact that he went into the ring at 178½ pounds, almost 10 below his best fighting weight. The loss of weight was believed due to a slight touch of food poisoning and unusually hot weather during the training days before the scrap. But Pat didn't offer the loss of weight as an excuse. Rather, he said, 'That Willie's tough and hard to hit. Maybe I wouldn't have nailed him again.'"

There's one draw on Pat's record, an eight rounder at Seattle in June of 1955, against Bob Albright, rugged Los Angeles heavy. In that one Pat broke his right hand in the second round and later injured his left. The broken hand sidelined him for six months.

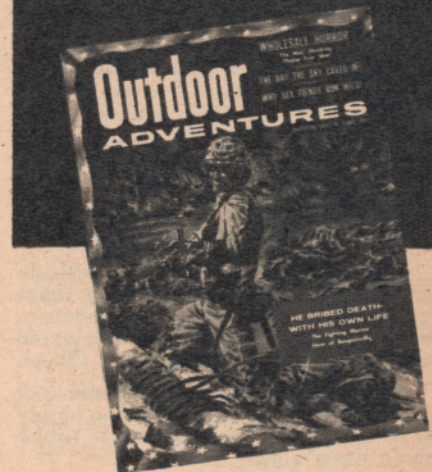
Fully healed again and still growing, the six-foot-one, 190-pound, clean-limbed McMurtry goes on following the instructions of his father, who took over the reins when Homer Amundsen died. And Papa McMurtry is in no particular rush to push his son among the top-rated heavies, though the last time I looked Pat was rated No. 9. Pat is only 25 years old and Pop has a theory that the fighters of Irish extraction mature later than many of those of some other nationalities.

"I'm in no great haste to take Pat on the road," said Clarence McMurtry. "Pat is the attraction out here. We can demand greater percentages in the Pacific Northwest. Let the others come to us. The others can have their high rankings, the publicity from the

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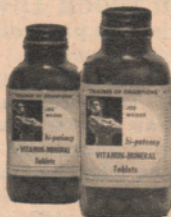
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T. V. shots and all that stuff; the main thing I want for Pat right now is the dough. And I think, for a while at least, we can do better sticking right here in the Northwest."

Al Weill was in Seattle last February. He took the opportunity at reduced long distance tolls to telephone Papa McMurtry in Tacoma.

"I'd like to get better acquainted with you," said Weill. "If you come over to the Seattle Golden Gloves look me up."

"I've got to go to work early tomorrow morning," replied Clarence McMurtry. "I don't think I can make it."

That's all there was to the conversation. Weill hung up. Papa McMurtry didn't go to Seattle.

McMurtry, the elder, later told Dan Walton, "I've an idea that if I had gone to Seattle, Weill would have wanted to talk about one of two things. Either about sending a fighter out here—he's talked to me about that before; or he would have wanted to talk about my taking Pat east. But, as I said, our program is to stick pretty much to the Northwest for a while longer. We're not interested in going to New York or the other big fistic centers just at this time. We're in no big rush. Most of all we want to keep our feet on the ground."

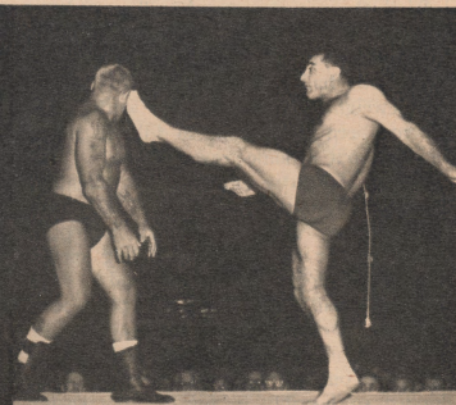
A sensible, level-headed man is Papa McMurtry.

And Pat's a lot like Pop.

• • •

WHY THIS UNPRECEDENTED BOOM?

(Continued from Page 45)



—Ferenc Hulaban—the neckless one, Renato Gardini—Gus Sonnenberg—Hans Steinke—Stanley Stasiack—Jim Browning—Ray Steele—Ed. Don George—Ivan Pududny and last but not least, the famed Duseks, the riot squad, then in their prime. The list is all the more impressive because it contains no less than eight world champions whose names are amongst the greatest in mat lore; Ed. "Strangler" Lewis, Jim Londos, Stanislaus and Wladek Zbysko, Tony Stecher, Jim Browning, Ray Steele and Ed. Don George.

C. Curley, of course, drew some \$50,000 gates, too. But never averaged five in a row at that figure or anywhere near it. Also, he promoted weekly wrestling shows at the 71st Regiment Armory to build up attractive cards for the Garden which, for the most part, lost money. These losses had to be deducted from the Garden profits, so that at the end of a season Jack's net returns were considerably cut down. Present day wrestling promoters have a similar set-up. They operate St. Nicholas Arena instead of Curley's 71st Regiment Armory, but with this big difference, St. Nicholas Arena is a paying club and no losses have to be deducted from Garden profits. Wrestling promoters like to operate their business on a 20 to 30 percent of the net gate accruing to themselves, however this percentage is sometimes lower when operation is costly such as in the Garden, but which they make up in St. Nicholas Arena because of its much lower cost. But even with the high cost of operation taken into consideration, you can see at a glance that profits have been enormous.

The puzzling question is why wrestling with its present day talent boomed as never before, not even during the so-called "Golden

Era." True, this era in wrestling extended all over the country and Canada and wasn't "spotted" as it is now. Many of you oldsters saw most of Curley's top stars wrestle when they were in their prime, while not so oldies saw them when past their peaks. Certainly, none would say to-day's wrestlers compare in stature with the eight world champions available to Jack, to say nothing of his supporting matmen any of which would be main eventers today in any part of the country including the Garden. In passing let me again mention the longevity of wrestlers about which I have so often written. Both Sandor Szabo and Gino Garibaldi were top stars under Curley, yet these two ageless athletes still wrestle four or five times a week and are high in the money brackets, and it's just for the love of wrestling, both men are independently wealthy.

Now, let us look at Madison Square Garden's five wrestling shows and the top men who packed in nearly 100,000 fans into the Eighth Avenue Arena, for a gross of \$260,000. First I shall take Rocca. He is easily the phenomenon among wrestlers past or present. He has been wrestling in the U. S. a little more than six years, and in that short time has amassed a fortune which has passed the half million dollar mark. Since he started his mat campaign in this country he has wrestled almost continuously five, often six times a week and taken only rare vacations. He has suffered only minor injuries, remarkable in itself, because his favorite holds—drop-kicks, flying scissors and other acrobatic forms of attack, cause more injuries, many serious, than any other in the game of a thousand holds. Rocca is in early thirties, his wrestling style takes much out of him, so whether he can keep up



"THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE --- BUT I GOT AWAY!"

the pace for many more years remains to be seen. One thing sure, however, when he does quit wrestling he will be along with Luis Angel Firpo, one of the two Argentine athletes to become millionaires from earnings in American rings.

Let me now give you the top stars on each of the five shows in the Garden, omitting supporting bouts. Rocca was starred in all five shows in the main event. Ricki Starr was semi-finalist on four of the cards, all except the November 26th show. The card for November 26th was: Main event — Rocca vs. The Bruiser, Hans Schmidt vs. Dick Steinborn, and preliminaries including a Midget Tag Match. February 4th, the second show had for its main event a Tag Match pairing Rocca and Vern Gagne against Hans Schmidt and Von Hess. Ricki Starr making his first appearance was in the semi-final against Skull Murphy. Supporting matches, another Midget Tag Match and other bouts. March 11th was Rocca against Hans Schmidt and Ricki Starr against The Bruiser. Supporting matches — Two Tag Matches. On March 30th, another tag match provided the main go with Rocca paired with Miguel Perez against Wildman Fargo and Ray Stevens. Ricki Starr went against Paul Bunyan 8ft 5 giant! The last show — May 13th, Rocca and Miguel Perez again topped the

card in a Tag Match against Von Hess and The Bruiser. Ricki Starr faced The Great Scott; supporting matches, another Tag Match and the usual preliminaries.

The smallest gate was the November 26th show which drew \$42,000. Next lowest was on May 13th which drew \$45,000. The other three were complete sell-outs for better than \$60,000 each. The question now arises whether it was Rocca who drew the crowds or Ricki Starr, or a combination of both. Certainly, there was no novelty about Rocca's opponents, he had met them all before and beaten them. Ricki Starr, the ballet dancer, unquestionably was the sensation of the season. I covered the five shows for BOXING & WRESTLING, and in my opinion, I attribute the huge crowds to a brand new set of wrestling fans, namely the Puerto Ricans and other Latins who turned out by the thousands for every show.

It would be interesting if some of you fans combined the names we have given you of Curley's talent and those which appeared in the last five shows at the Garden, and made up your idea of super-cards, along with a brief comment why you selected each wrestler. We shall be glad to publish the most interesting. There's your chance fans, for you to be matchmakers.

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Letters to the editors

Dear Mr. Weston,

Received on Wednesday, the August issue of your fine magazine and have gone thru Ralph Jones' comments in your column.

Jones boasts about his win over Robinson; but, obviously he has overlooked the fact that he won over an aging, rusty, past his peak Robinson trying to make a comeback — and it was no big feat performed by the Yonkers fighter.

Jones does not rate a chance at the title; he flopped against top guys Giardello, Fullmer and Humez and Saxton (a welter yet) boxed his ears off; besides, against Jones, the other boys — some of the top class fighters who would beat Jones; so why should Robinson fight Jones? . . . for, should not Robinson cash in as much on his title as he possibly can?

If Mr. Jones thinks he is so good, how come, he again lost to Gene Fullmer, in the West Jordan fighter's first outing since losing to Robinson, when he (Gene) might not have got over the effect (psychologically, at least), of the kayo he sustained in the fifth stanza in his previous battle with the Detroit born fighter . . . and how about his very ordinary showing against Joey Gray, who held Jones to a draw? . . .

Wish Mr. Jones could have met Robinson in the late forties . . . when the Harlem kingpin was at his best . . .

Mr. Jones may rest assured that even if Ray does meet him, it will be a better shaped champion standing in the opposite corner, who seems to have regained some of his past form . . .

Ralph 'Tiger' Jones . . . 'toothless' is right.

Wishing your great magazine all the best,

Yours sincerely,
Girish M. Trivedi.
Bombay, India.

* * *

Mr. Weston,

I have just finished reading "Anthony Can Be King of The Heavies" in your September issue of Boxing & Wrestling. I agree with you on the fact that Anthony is good, and that he may be the future heavy weight king, but you have not mentioned his poor showing against the Canadian champ, Yvon Durelle, who at that time, was not even listed in the ratings. At times, it looked as if Durelle might even knock Anthony out, and, if Anthony can only fight to a draw with a man who is not even rated, I don't think he deserves such a big "write up" in your magazine. However, being a Canadian, and a steady reader of your fine combat magazine, I would appreciate your doing a story, with pictures, if possible, on our Champ, Yvon Durelle,

Until then, I remain,
J. Poirier,
a devoted Canadian reader.

* * *

Dear Reverend S. A. Lowther;

I just finished reading your fascinating article, "Carmen Basilio, The Praying Champion" in the August issue of Boxing & Wrestling, and I must confess that your writings have filled my mind with perplexing problems. For some reason I find myself drawn to boxing, but yet I am constantly in doubt about it's rightness. I can readily accept the fact that life is difficult; that God has given to Mr. Basilio the natural ability that makes him such a great fighter and that Basilio's devotion to his beliefs is a powerful confession of faith

that God does exist.

However, these are thoughts that even now are flowing through my mind. The devil himself believes in God and trembles at the sound of his name — the scriptures tell us that. But the Devil, though he believes in God's existence, is at war with him. Then there are the passages in the Sermon on the Mount about non-retaliation. The first thought that comes to my mind is that boxing is a sport. But still that does not relieve my doubts.

I read just recently that there were twelve fatalities in the ring last year, ten the year before and twenty-two the year before that. How am I to reconcile your statements about God with the sport of Boxing?

Sincerely,
Gene Huber
55 Elm Street
Lambertville, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Weston,

I read your magazine regularly and enjoy most of what I read in it.

I do wish you would publish articles on such outrageous decisions as that rendered in the recent Roy Calhoun — Germinal Ballarin fight. Why do we have to accept such terrible verdicts as the one which gave Calhoun the decision over a man who defeated him fairly? Roy was clearly outboxed from beginning to end. Also, Calhoun was guilty of fouling with kidney punches time and time again, even after he had been warned by the referee. Why didn't the referee take the rounds away from him in which he committed those fouls? I will also ask you why, in the Calhoun-Joey Giardello fight, was not Calhoun given the decision?

I'll answer that; because Giardello and his managers would not stand for any such double-dealings as the poor Frenchman, Ballarin, was forced to swallow.

Still another terrible verdict was the draw rendered in the Tony Anthony — Yvon Durelle bout. Anthony was in such bad shape during the last few rounds that he was hardly ably to defend himself. And you rate Anthony second and Durelle eighth!

When a fight is cleanly fought, it seems that the officials are confused to a point where there thinking is no longer rational.

Baseball is on the level. Why not make boxing the same? In my opinion boxing is far more interesting and excit-

ing a sport to watch than baseball.

I mentioned only a few bouts in which the decisions were terrible. But I know there have been many many more. We need more fighters like Basilio and Giardello who will stand up for their rights and demand fair officiating. I suggest that when you report a fight in the future that you cover it from your own view point and not that of the officials.

And most important of all, when foreign fighters come over here to meet our boys, let's make sure that they return to their native lands with a clean taste in their mouth; certain that in America everybody gets a fair deal.

Respectfully

J. H. Thompson

RFD No. 1,

Abingdon, Virginia

* * *

Dear Sir:

Unless you're one of those rare fight fans who watches all the preliminaries on championship cards, you've probably never seen Clint Bacon. I've never been in a TV fight.

When you stop to think that I've been fighting for some ten years as a professional against fighters like Bert Lytell, Pistol Pat McCafferty, Henry Hall, Herbie Hayes, Sylvester Perkins, and Archie Moore, it may seem peculiar to you. Peculiar, that is, if you don't understand what really goes on behind the scene in boxing.

I know I can beat any of the first ten light heavyweight contenders, but there's no way I can get a chance to prove it. You see I'm my own manager. Early in my career, I had some managers, but they either didn't have the right connections or they had to do business to get fights. I don't do business! So, I'm the guy you see fighting the semi-windup when World Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore fights.

I fought Arch twice early in my career. I won the first fight on a foul. In the second bout, a second got some coagulant — "nuskin" — in my eye, and I was temporarily blinded. Naturally I couldn't continue the fight, and it went into the record book as a KO against me. After that fight, Archie offered me a steady job as a sparring partner, and I was with him from the time he won the title in '52 till the Patterson fight last November.

I couldn't get fights, so I appreciated the job Archie gave me. Just before

that Patterson fight, I got married. I hadn't lost a fight in three years, but I decided to quit. Now I'm working for the City of Toledo. Well, I'd just about decided to forget about boxing until a couple of things happened to change my mind: (1) my wife presented me with an heir, (2) my old boss, Archie Moore, announced that he was going to retire after one more title defense.

I got to thinking about our baby. How could I explain that I had been a fighter, but that I never had a chance to prove myself? Then, too, with Arch quitting, the light heavyweight division would be wide open. I tried to get fights again. For six months now, I've been trying to get a fight.

I've contacted every promoter I know, but they can't seem to get any action. A writer I know tried to help me. One night he called, telling me he could get me a fight for \$200. I would have lost money on the deal, but I said I would. He called back and told me the promoter backed out even for \$200.

So, I'm stymied unless I can get some help. My ex-employer, Archie Moore, got help from the press when he was trying to get a title shot a couple of years ago. Maybe you'll help me.

Just put in your paper that Clint Bacon will fight any light heavyweight in the world on a winner-take-all basis. I'll fight Tony Anthony, the fellow they say is the No. 1 contender, for nothing but expenses. That's how bad I want to prove I rate a chance at some decent pay nights. I'm only 28 even though I've been fighting as a pro for years against guys none of the so-called contenders would fight. It's not too late for me. Archie had to wait till he was 36 to get his chance at Maxim. I have time to make good.

Please don't think I'm a pop-off fellow. I'm sincere when I say I believe I deserve the chance. If you'll write that Clint Bacon will fight any of the top ten light heavyweights with a couple of tune-up fights under my belt; and that I'll gamble my end of the purse that I'll win, maybe you'll make some of the promoters and managers ashamed of themselves. Maybe that way I'll get my chance to show what I can do in the ring. I don't want a favor — just a chance. Thank you for reading this.

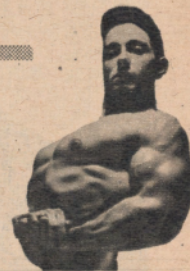
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PHOTO OF THE MONTH



FOR more than twenty-five years plump, good-natured Max Waxman was Jack Dempsey's business manager and closest confidant. It was Waxman who booked Jack into referee's roles for sums ranging from \$500 to \$8,000. It was "Papa" Max who Dempsey always went to for advice and, at times, sympathy.

Dempsey and Waxman were the closest of business partners. They owned a big New York hotel together and property on the Pacific coast. Waxman was the godfather of Jack's daughters and an official in the famed Dempsey Restaurant on New York's Broadway.

For the last few years Waxman suffered from a series of illnesses and finally he was stricken with a heart attack. His weight dropped and his face became lined and wrinkled. Early last August Max died in New York. Dempsey was at his bedside when the end came, grief-stricken and hardly able to talk.

Photo shows Dempsey, drawn and pale, viewing Waxman's body in Baltimore Maryland prior to burial.



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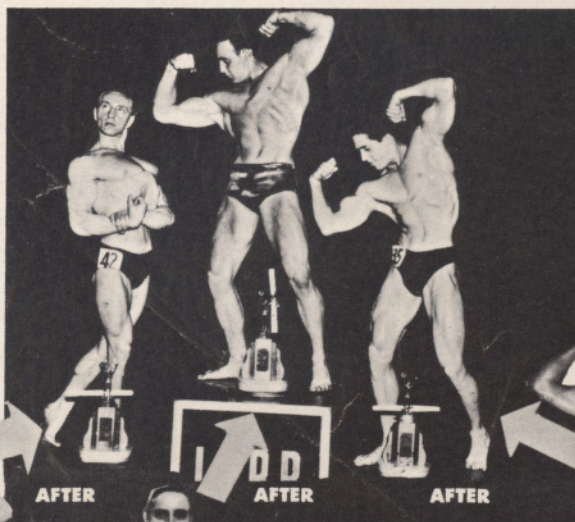
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AFTER

AFTER

AFTER



JULIAN DAME

Before
Gains 80 pounds of muscles to become a champion! Adds 15 heroic inches of muscles to his chest. Adds 8 full inches of giant size muscles to his arms!



NORMAND DORION

Before
Adds 40 pounds of "Superman" Muscles. Slaps on 12 inches to his flat-chest. Adds 6 inches to his puny shaped arms.

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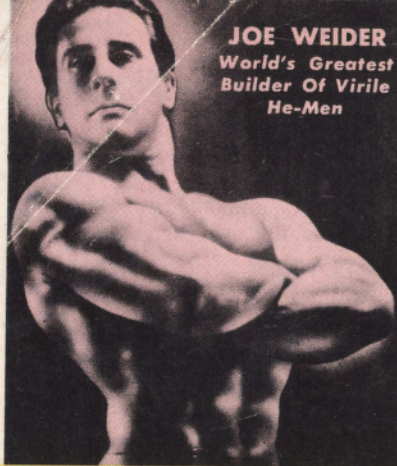
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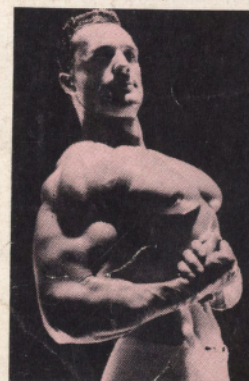
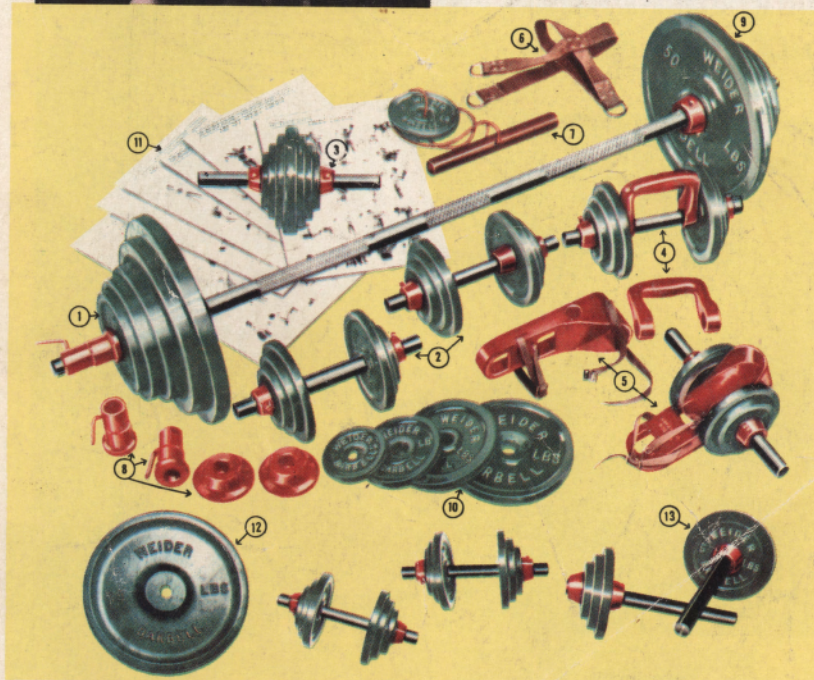
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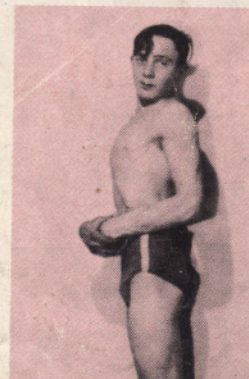
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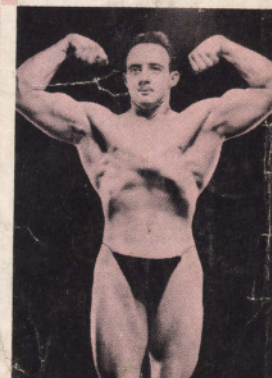
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